

Love and Kisses



JEPTIRAM CLOUGH



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LOVE AND KISSES

BY
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A KISS.

A kiss, a kiss, is a wellspring of bliss ;
You'll find its sweet equal in no world but this ;
It matters but little, from Matron or Miss ;
The world goes round on the wheels of a kiss.

LOVE AND KISSES.

PICKING CHERRIES.

The day was cloudless, bright and fair—
Sweet hum of insects filled the air ;
While in the tree secure from harm,
Sat Maude, with basket on her arm,
Picking cherries.

She sang, and picked with nimble speed,
Unconscious of the eager greed
Of such voracious birds as came
And filled their baskets—all the same—
Picking cherries.

Towards the tree I, cautious, crept—
With hope that I might intercept
Her “highness” as she made descent ;
While she continued, still intent,
Picking cherries.

As down she came, and reached the ground—
I hastened to her at a bound,
And, with my arm about her waist,
My lips to hers I fondly placed—
Picking cherries.

Said she—with flushed and startled face—
While struggling in my close embrace—
“Why, Jamie, boy! What’s this you do?”
Said I, “I’m doing same as you,—
Picking cherries!”

Said she, “I wonder how you dare!
Such liberty you must beware!
Your motive I can scarce divine,—
Pray tell me what you mean! Define—
Picking cherries!”

Said I, “Sweet Maude, there’s hardly need,—
The definition’s in the deed;
Don’t look so very much annoyed,
As if you ne’er before enjoyed
Picking cherries!”

Said she, "If that is what you mean,
You'll henceforth take your cherries green,
Or get them from some greener girl,—
Away with you! Don't act the churl—
Picking cherries!"

"Whenever you approach this tree,
Remember—it belongs to me!
And if you pick without consent,
I prophesy that you'll repent
Picking cherries!"

"I've known young men, at times by stealth,
To pick too much—for their good health!
Take warning, else results you'll rue,—
I never will unite with you,
Picking cherries!"

LOVE'S ANNIVERSARY.

(To My Muse.)

We may not measure life by hours,
Nor days, nor weeks, nor years;
'Tis measured by emotions,
Heart-throbs and joyous tears.

Some moments in our lives, by far
Outweigh in sacred bliss
The value of a hundred lives
Of simple consciousness!

It is not all of life to live!
True life is far above
The thought of mere existence;
'Tis all of life to love!

True sympathy and tenderness
Reflect love's counterpart,
And love is life's true horologue,
The dial of the heart.

So, Marie, I'm but one year old!
This last year treasures more
In wealth of blissful memories
Than *all* the *years* before!

This, the fruition your dear love
And fellowship has given;
The sweetest, richest boon of earth,
An antepast of heaven.

THE FESTIVE HOUSE-FLY.

A frolicksome thing is the festive house-fly;
He slumbers at night, without closing an eye;
Gets plenty of rest, without going to bed;
Gets up in the morn, without raising his head;
Retires in the chamber, without cap or gown;
And roosts on the ceiling, with head hanging
down.

When first he awakens, he performs Delsarte;
Then makes up his toilet, all ready to start.
He rubs up his head, his wings, and his feet,
Then goes on a forage for something to eat.
No rings on his fingers, nor bells on his toes,
But makes plenty music wherever he goes.
Makes audible music, without any voice,
Too loud for our comfort, and not very choice.
He'll watch when you sleep, and disturb your
repose,
By lighting, ker-plump, on the tip of your nose.

He suffers not any from rheumatic pains,
For he knows just enough to come in when it
rains.

The idea of childhood he treats with some
scorn,—

He's as large as his grandfather when he is
born.

Inquisitive very, and fond of research,
Will spy out the bald spots on heads, while in
church.

He preys upon every sensitive spot,—
Would just as soon tackle the parson as not.
Just to know how it feels, he wades in the
cream,

And swims in the soup, just to see how 'twill
seem.

So inquiring is he about Mrs. Spider,
He never can rest until he's inside her.
Wherever you go, he's everywhere,—
But put finger upon him, and lo, he's not there!
He scans you with hundreds of eyes, it is said,
And flies, stands, or moves on his feet, till he's
dead.

LOVE.

Love sometimes is a bashful child,
Sometimes a froward boy;
At times he's veiled in mystic guise—
At times, exposed in joy.

Sometimes his presence lies concealed
In blushing, timid glance;
Sometimes, is modestly revealed
In shy and coy advance.

Sometimes he's hid so deep in doubt
And secret mystery,
That, all too late, we recognize
His meed of ecstasy.

Lust and envy don his garb,
And seek—by every grace
And artifice—to imitate
His sweet, benignant face:

But, purity and chastity,
Deception ne'er permit,—
And soon or later lies unveiled—
The shameless counterfeit.

Love knows no law—he heeds no form—
He brooks no rude control;—
With matchless grace and majesty
He rules his realm—the soul.

He ne'er was born!—has *always* lived!—
No power his life can sever;
He leads us on—through fragrant paths—
Forever and forever.

IRISH EVIDENCE.

An Irishman—Duffy, by name—was indicted
For smuggling contraband goods; and invited
By the court to show proof, if he could, without fail—

Of his innocence, else be remanded to jail.
In Newberry Place—a small town on the border

Of Canada soil—was found, made to order,
A mysterious cask, which was thought to contain

Spirits more ardent than beer or champagne.
In possession of “said Patrick Duffy,” ’twas found;

And, his friend, Michael Durgen—at the time
on the ground—

Was brought as a witness, to establish the
crime—

For the cask had been hidden away—in meantime.

Said the judge to Mike Durgen, "On oath, you
must tell

The truth to this court, and the whole truth, as
well.

Now, Mike, what was inside the cask that you
saw?

(Remember, you're under the eyes of the
law!)"

Said Mike to his Honor, "Now thin, since ye
ask,—

It'll plaze me to tell all Oi know of the cask.

One end was marked 'whisky,'—as plain as
your face!

And the other, 'Pat Duffy, of Newberry
Place,'

But, as Oi'm on me oath, this forchenit minit,
Oi can't say—for sartin—which of 'em was in
it!"

MY EARTHLY MOTHER.

Working, planning, often drudging—
Always giving,—naught begrudging—
Seldom knowing recreation,
Toiling on without cessation;
Sewing, darning, mending, knitting,
Changing, cutting, trying, fitting,—
Mother's work was never ended—
While a brack remained unmended.

Digging, seeding, flower-beds weeding—
Not a moment's time for reading—
Now in cellar, now up-stairs,—
Scarcely time to say her prayers;
Early, mornings,—late at night,
Working by dim candle-light;
Compensation,—all she had,—
Was—to make the children glad.

Stewing, brewing, frying, broiling,
 Roasting, toasting, poaching, boiling,
 Sweeping, dusting, brushing, stitching—
 From the attic to the kitchen—
 Washing, scrubbing, cleaning, beating—
 Cooking food for other's eating,—
 Bending o'er the midnight oil,—
 Never any end of toil.

Dearest valued hour of greeting,
 Found at Wednesday evening meeting;—
 Only respite had from care,—
 Weekly hour of praise and prayer;
 Holy Sabbath-day, at best,
 Was her only time of rest;
 Reading God's word,—meditation,—
 This, her best beloved vacation.

Chopping, hashing, steaming, baking,—
 Eyes and limbs and muscles aching;
 Little praise had she,—or cheer,—
 Rarely shed the silent tear;
 Ever patient, kind, forgiving,—
 Simply for her children, living;
 Full of gentle words—and kind,—
 Praising God with heart resigned.

MY SWEETHEART.

She gives no ear to aught that's said
Of me,—except applause;
She never speaks an unkind word,
Though oft I give her cause;
She never sees my failings
Of body, heart, or mind;
With perfect ears, and tongue and eyes,
She's deaf, and dumb, and blind.

MY SAINTED MOTHER.

Image O divinely fair,—
Calm, benignant and serene;
Hallowed, e'en as angels are,—
Type of womanhood—the queen;

While in retrospect I view,
As of yore, thy gentle face;
Countless virtues, tried and true,
Find in memory a place.

Fain would I in words express;—
Though in vain the effort be;—
All the wealth of tenderness
In that sainted face I see.

Patient, fond, enduring love,
Pure, unselfish constancy,
Like to that of Heaven above—
Cherished for humanity.

Matchless word, I know no other
Half so sweet and precious grown—
As the sacred name of mother—
Next to that of God's dear Son.

Years may come and years may go—
Time evolve, 'mid joy and tears—
But the mother-love will glow
Brighter, warmer, with the years.

Other lives may tell their story—
Other loves may come to birth;—
Naught can ever dim the glory
Of a love too pure for earth.

Blessed image! Precious mother!—
Loved by all who know thee best,—
Jesus, Savior, Friend and Brother,
God and heaven give thee rest!

MY MASCOT.

Come sit beside me, Marie, dear;
 I'm playing at the game of life;
 With you for mascot—ever near,
 I'm sure to conquer in the strife!

Now, first, I'll aim to be a man!
 My duty to our God, to pay!
 Your presence will enrich the plan,
 Your precepts show the better way;

And, secondly upon the list,
 Our country needs my brain and nerve;
 As patriot, philanthropist,
 And zealous statesman, I will serve.

My home comes next, (Sit close to me!
 Mascots should not sit far away!)
 My home? *You* say what it should be,
 Our love shall make it *all you say!*

Next after home, comes—children, please!
And with them—for us all, good health!
I'll ask for duties, not for ease,
For worthy friends, and not for wealth.

What more could gracious fortune send?
What more to mortal could be given?
God, country, home, children and friend,
You, darling mascot, love, and heaven!

“LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.”

“Love thy neighbor as thyself!”
A difficult command;
I’m sure of it, whene’er I meet
And take her by the hand!
To “love her as myself”—Just think!
A man, now past “three score!”
And she, a Miss, of nineteen years!
I love her *vastly more!*

Sum up her truth and purity
And every loving art;
The gentleness and tenderness
That constitute her heart;
And, think you, I could measure all
The love I bear to her,
By that I cherish for myself?
If so, you sadly err!

Bring out the scales, and pile them high
With all *self* holds most dear!
Behold her far outweigh it all,
With but a single tear!
Then, double it and treble it,
Add to it—pile on pile—
And still 'tis but a feather's weight
As matched against her smile!

To "love her as myself"—Ah, me!
Such love she would resent!
(I love myself so selfishly;)
It surely can't be meant
That I should love her as a *man*
Degraded by the *fall*!
I'll "love my neighbor" as *herself*,
Or love her not at all!

DANDELION.

Beauteous flower, how sweet you are!
Shedding brightness everywhere;
Blossoming o'er hill and glen;
Trodden upon by feet of men,
Undaunted still, you lift your head
And make the earth a sunshine bed!
While with rapture now I gaze,
Your splendor sets the fields ablaze!
True, you shed no rich perfume,
There's only brightness in your bloom—
Yet you do not seek to hide,
From any sense of worldly pride,
But "blossom on, for all you're worth"
And gold-bespangle all the earth.
Humble though your station be,
All the more you're prized by me.
Handsome is that handsome lives!
Goodness is that goodness gives!

God, himself, must dearly love you,
Else He'd not made so many of you.
Your glory lasts but one brief day
Before your beauty fades away;
The second day, your drooping head
Reclines upon its dying bed;
The third day shrouds your form in white,
And heavenward, then, you take your flight.
Thus quickly passed, all earthly strife;
Thus sweetly ends your finished life.

IMMORTELLES.

Flowers upon the grave of one
Whose precious life has fled,
Or changed to immortality,
Are fitting o'er the dead ;
But better far the cheering word,
The kindly look and smile
To those who struggle on in life
And feel their need—the while.

The mourning weeds of sable crape,
With which we voice our woe,
Afford no balm to heal our grief,
'Tis dumb and empty show ;
While kindness shown to living ones,
Relieves the mourner's pain
'And adds new vigor to our faith ;
The dead shall live again !

Grand monuments of rich design,
Or vaults of granite gray,
Are proper tributes of respect
To loved ones, passed away;
But better far, the memory
Of helpful, loving deed—
Of proffered aid and sympathy
To living ones in need.

The sentimental epitaph,
Inscribed on blocks of stone,
To memorize the loved and lost,
Can never quite atone
For lack of deeds and words of love;
Then, give the helping hand!
Inscribe your love on living hearts,
This will forever stand!

PHILOPENA.

Sweet May and I, one winter's eve,
Were eating almond-nuts, together;
We broke the shells and ate the meats
And talked of everything but—weather;
When, suddenly, she raised her eyes
To mine, with winsome, joyous mien
And said, with girlish sportiveness,
“See, Harry, here's a philopene!
And will you *deign* to eat with me?”
The little dear! She knew I would!
I'd eat, or drink, or die—*with her*,
As any gallant lover should!

(The invitation—“Eat with me!”
First given, by Eve in Paradise
Resulted in a wedding trip
That cost mankind a woeful price;
And here was Eve's descendant, May,
Proffering a tempting bait
And I, like Adam, yielding, too,
Her wish, my law, and so—I ate.)

The bargain made, to "give and take,"
Our converse turned to other themes
Each feigning mute forgetfulness,
While still alert to artful schemes.
I offered her all sorts of things—
Books, thimble, scissors, spools of thread.
I tried to catch her, unawares
She only smiled and shook her head.
At last, I held out both my hands
With glis'ning diamond ring between.
"My heart goes with it, May," I said;
She sighed, and I cried "*Philopene!*"

ANNIVERSARY OF MARRIAGE.

Dec. 31, 1896.

As I remember well, 'tis five
And thirty years, to-day,
Since Liz and I stood side by side
And gave ourselves away.
'Twas little else we had to give,
Just starting 'hen in life;
I gave to her a marriage vow
And she gave me a wife!

Two precious, helping hands she gave,
Two cheeks of rosy hue;
Two dimpled arms, two ruby lips,
Two eyes of bonny blue,
Her faithful, sweet companionship,
Her tender sympathy,
The trust and love of her large heart;
These, all, she gave to me.

We had been ardently in love
For six long months or more,
We did not count our hearts as lost
But simply gone before;
And now, we sought to reunite
Our hearts and selves again,
In that glad dual-spirit world
Where "one is made of twain."

Our wedding clothes were not the best,
But, still, *we* thought them fine,
And we were just as happy then
As if we'd owned a mine.
"With all my goods, I thee, endow!"
A promise quickly made
And easy kept—for, on my back
Was all my stock in trade!

In fact, I gave her all I had
The hour when first we met;
And thirty-five years' giving, since,
Still leaves me in her debt.
For that *she* gives, is priceless
In value far above
The preciousness of rubies—
Her tenderness and love.

We both are somewhat changed since we
Were wedded long ago ;
Our eyes are dim, our step less firm,
Our hair the shade of snow ;
But little use have we, for eyes,
With all our path so bright,
And, as for feet—we've learned to walk
"By faith, and not by sight."

We've had misunderstandings—yes,
And who has not, I pray ?
But reconciliation sweet
Has always crowned the day ;
It may be, sad affliction, yet,
Just providence will send ;
Whate'er betides, our love shall stand
Unbroken, to the end !

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

There's not a waking hour, Meliss,
But memory, so fond and true,
Regales my eager heart with bliss
In precious, loving thoughts of you!

There's not a day, however rare,
With glowing sun and cloudless sky,
But mem'ry makes it doubly fair
With thoughts of your sweet sympathy.

There's not a dream in deepest night
That comes my sleeping hours to bless,
But fondest mem'ry brings to light,
Sweet visions of your tenderness.

There's not a fear by night nor day
That comes, my anxious heart to move,
But mem'ry soothes that fear away
With thoughts of your sustaining love.

My joy, like a glad river, flows
Forever onward, onward driven,
And ever broader, deeper grows,
With happy thoughts of you—and heaven!

“Mother, I’m going out to court!”
(One Sunday eve, said Jimmie Searls,)
“All right, my son, enjoy your sport,
But, mind you don’t go near the girls!”

PUMPKIN PIE.

I love to see ripe pumpkins lying on the ground
'Twixt shocks of corn and melon vines mean-
dering around;
There's something so delectably suggestive in
the sight,
It takes me back to boyhood days; my heart
swells with delight.

Then memory goes rushing back to happy
childhood hours,
And gets mixed up with gingerbread and pie
and cake and flowers;
There's nothing starts the moisture in the
mouth, or in the eye,
Like visions of the luscious, the delicious
pumpkin pie.

There's dumplings, doughnuts, puddings, pop-
corn, and buckwheat cakes
With 'lasses on, and peach preserves, and cook-
ies grandma makes;
There's raisin-cake, with frosting on in tints
to catch the eye;
But 'mongst them all there's nothing quite
comes up to pumpkin pie.

IF I WERE A WEE BIRD.

If I were a wee little feathery bird,
With wings that could waft me through
heaven's bright blue;
And a "song without words" sweet as ever was
heard,
I would fly to your lattice and sing it to you.

And you, when you heard a bird carol near by,
Would go to your window, I'm sure, sweet
Meliss,
And when you perceived that the warbler was
I,
Would open the lattice and throw me a kiss.

And then if you had a sweet thought or desire
You wished to make known to a friend who
is dear,
You could send it by me—instead of "by
wire;"
I'd secretly whisper it close to his ear.

And if your good friend, in return, spoke of
you

In terms half as sweet as I know you deserve
You could trust me to bring it, I'd not prove
untrue,

But would do all I could your kind purpose
to serve.

All I'd ask for my service would be a kind
word

And once in a while, a crumb of sweet cake;
These are trifles, to you, but much to a bird
Who, all the day long, has his living to
make.

And if to kind words you should add a sweet
smile,

The brightness of springtime your smile
would impart;

I surely could warble much better, the while
Such sweet benediction enlivened my heart!

Would you like it, Meliss, this bird-serenade?

And like me the better for what I had done?

If so, I would think myself more than repaid;

The happiest, gladdest bird, under the sun!

THE WISH.

I have a wish I would unfold,
But 'tis a secret wish, you see,
And I should only like it told
In confidence, to you by me.

My wishes, from my youth, have been
Beyond my power to realize;
I covet what I cannot win,
I run the race but miss the prize.

Such ever is my fatal luck;
I grasp the shell, but lose the meat;
No matter how much skill or pluck
Is brought to bear, I reap defeat!

My wish—Why, you've already guessed!
You turn your head—you feign surprise!
I see your answer half confessed,
Foreshadowed in your downcast eyes!

'And more than ever now, I fear
Results, the wish is so divine!
I can no longer hide it, dear—
I wish to be

Your Valentine!

Detroit, 1897.

LINES FOR A GUEST ROOM.

Look about you, welcome guest,
Behold our wish to give you rest!
Here's easy chair, and lounge, and bed,
With pillows soft, to ease your head,
And toilet articles galore.
Indeed, what could you wish for, more?
Forget your troubles and your cares
(But don't forget to say your prayers)
Then, lay you down to peaceful sleep,
While angels, watchful vigil, keep;
And when the night shall pass away,
Wake, to hail a glad new day.

LINES FOR GUEST CHAMBER.

Come lay you down, our welcome guest,
To quiet, tranquil, peaceful rest.
While here you calmly, sweetly sleep,
May guardian angels vigil keep.
If pleasant dreams should come to you,
May you awake to find them true;
May heaven shine round you, while you stay
To cheer our hearts, from day to day.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

The hardest book I know to read,
A book that's not inspired,
Is Webster's dictionary;
It makes me very tired,
When searching for a word I want,
I'm sure to see some other
That makes me sorry, sad, or mad,
And gives no end of bother.

For instance, if I look for love,
The first I see is—liar;
And when I seek for marriage,
I stumble onto—mire!
Whene'er I look for anarchy,
I first find ale, or axes,
And if I wish for "certainty,"
It may be death, or taxes.

For delight, I get damnation,
For comfort, it's commotion,
For relief, repudiation,
For languor, locomotion.
For mercy, I find mildew,
For peace, see persecution,
For justice, it is jail or Jew,
For rest, get revolution.

For virtue, I read vile, or vice,
For sweetheart, gaze at "sister,"
For naughty, I contemplate "nice,"
For blessing, I find "blister!"
But dictionaries we must have,
However much we flout 'em;
'Tis easier to tell their faults
Than 'tis to do without 'em.

THE UNLUCKY PEARL.

She was a sweet girl—they called her “a pearl,”
And claimed she had virtues both precious
and rare;
Was fond of gay life—would fain be a wife,
And dreamed of a home with a carriage and
pair.

In a moment of haste her life was laid waste;
She married a man for his beauty and style—
She thought it all joy unmixed with alloy,
Though, in fact, she had known him a very
short while.

In a month or two more, the honeymoon o'er,
Her spouse was engrossed in business life;
After papers were read, he'd repair to his bed,
Not seeming to care that he had any wife.

While she was verbose, he soon grew morose,
Did nothing whatever her pleasures to swell;
She found that the "pearl" she was as a girl,
Was housed with an oyster, in ugly dark
shell.

YOU AND I.

O the hour when first we met!
That dear hour we'll ne'er forget.
We bless it even yet,
You and I.

At once love did begin it,
We realized the minute
Our eyes met, that both were "in it,"
You and I.

We pretended not to care,
But, before we were aware,
We were fast in Cupid's snare,
You and I.

'Twas on the pebbly strand
You took my trembling hand
And wrote upon the sand,
"You and I."

Then, with impulsive move,
 [You *traced a line above,*
 And I read the words "WE LOVE—"
 YOU AND I!"

Two lips gave a sweet sound,
 Two lives in one were bound,
 Two hearts were lost and found—
 You and I.

We could not brook delay,
 So we set an early day
 And were married, right away
 You and I.

Since then, we've lived in peace;
 Our love will e'er increase
 We sigh for no release
 You and I.

The *line*, was washed away,
 But we are here to stay
 And rewrite it every day,
 You and I.

SHE.

Her style was something quite unique,
I never saw the like;
And so I took a hasty pique
As suddenly her bike
Came rustling past me, like a strique.

To match her suit, you'd vainly sique
The country o'er and o'er;
You could not match it in a wique,
Its every tuck and gore
So neat and tidy, trim and slique.

Her modest countenance, and mique
Expression, made me sigh;
The radiant color on her chique
Rejoiced my thoughtful eye;
My heart o'erflowed, I longed to spique.

She must have been inured to beaux,
Why should I hesitate?
My suit I hoped she'd not oppeaux,
I could no longer wait,
The question in my mind to cleaux.

I vowed I would my love discleaux;
But, as I doff'd my hat,
She quickly turned up her sweet neaux
And softly said quite pat,
"I'm married, sir! Please don't propeaux!"

TO MY CLOCK.

My dear old friend and household pet,
You've placed me vastly in your debt
For faithful services galore;
You've done your best, none could do more;
You've labored on, both night and day,
Without encouragement or pay.
I've wound you, every week or so,
So tenderly, since years ago,
I find, unconsciously I've bound
Some of my heart-strings close around
Your inner self, your vital part,
Till now we're coupled, heart to heart.
I prize your unpretending case,
I love your dear old honest face,
I prize your hands, and every wheel
Your modest face would fain conceal.
At morn, you watch me ope mine eyes,
And tell me when 'tis time to rise;
At breakfast, dinner, supper, all,
I note your cheerful, hearty call;

To My Clock.

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Your gentle hammer's on the beat,
Whene'er 'tis time for me to eat;
And when all else is done and said,
You warn me that it's time for bed.
When quite run down, you're never ill,
When on the go, you're standing still.
You're sometimes fast, but never quick,
Don't trust, but always go on tick;
You've worked for nothing, now, for ages,
You strike, but not for higher wages;
You're monarch of the mantel-shelf,
But, slave to all the world, yourself

A MAIDEN LADYBIRD'S LAMENT.

The fourteenth day of February!

And I am sad and forlorn—very!

Everything goes so contrary!

I've looked in vain, I can see nary

A valentine!

I've lingered long at Hymen's gate

Offering all sorts of bait

Till now I fear 'tis quite too late

For me to get a duplicate—

A valentine!

I've hunted high and hunted low

Among the pretty birds I know,

Hoping fortune would bestow

Something suggesting mistletoe—

A valentine!

But, woe is me! I've sought in vain,
Nothing comes this way but—pain!
The truth at last is all too plain,
'Tis useless to expect a swain—
A valentine!

I've watched the other birds all day,
To see the sly, designing way
They spread their nets, to catch and slay
Their guileless, unsuspecting prey—
A valentine!

I fear I shall not find my match,
My nest of eggs will never hatch.
My cake's all dough, a sorry batch,—
Unless I manage *now* to catch
A valentine!

I'm healthy, pretty, witty, wise,
With loving beak, and charming eyes,
And ought to win, in such a guise,
And captivate in sweet surprise,
A valentine!

I'm rich in down, and hair and sticks,
And skilled in art to intermix
Them well together snug as bricks;
But lack this one genteel affix—
A valentine.

What makes the male birds all, so shy?
'Tis difficult to catch their eye!
They coldly flout me, as they fly,
As though they thought I'd *steal*, or *buy*
A valentine.

I'd have them know I'm not so bad,
Nor my condition quite so sad.
There's other birds yet, to be had!
"For every lass there's still a lad,"
A valentine.

Sometimes I have a solemn doubt!
What is this nonsense all about?
If marriage means to *be devout*,
'Twere better far to live without
A valentine!

For I am fond of show and dress,
And just a *little* wickedness,
And this might make an awkward mess
In case I ever should possess

A valentine.

At all events, 'tis now so late,
I'll go to roost without a mate.
I don't much care, at any rate;
I almost think I'd fairly hate

A valentine.

They shall no longer me abuse;
Their insults I can ne'er excuse;
I'll live a maiden-bird recluse,
I *absolutely do refuse*

A valentine.

LOVE'S DAY.

Ah! who can paint love's dawning!
The blushing hues of morn;
The bashful, glowing twilight,
Ere love's bright day is born?
And who shall tell the ecstasy,
The first pale rosy thrill
That spreads till all love's being
Lies drunk with rapture's fill!
And waves of joy come flowing
Onward still, but strong,
A mighty tide, aspiring
To swell the heart's sweet song!

But dawn's bright colors vanish,
And love's sweet blindness goes,
The stronger light of mid-day
Absorbing all the rose.

Come weariness and labor,
Self-sacrifice and pain;
Comes sad-faced disappointment,
With all her brooding train.

Yet know, the sun is shining,
And love shall stronger grow
With care and patient waiting.
God wills it should be so;
Since He foresees love's evening,
That reaches into heaven,
The full completed blessing,
To constant lovers given!
The grateful rest and hushing
Of all that's weary grown,
The tender warmth and glowing
Of joys till then unknown!

TEARS AND SMILES.

A tear and smile once ran a race
To see which of the two would win;
The "course" was over Willie's face,
From shining eye to dimpled chin;

From eye to chin the tear must roll,
The smile to go from chin to eyes;
Whichever first could reach the goal,
Should be the one to get the prize.

The tear came rolling out with speed,
And hastened on its downward course,
Like wheels on a velocipede,
Each revolution adding force;

It seemed, at first, most sure to beat,
Because it had so much the start;
But ere it finished up the heat,
The smile essayed to take a part;

(The kitten tumbled off the chair
Upon the back of Fritz, the dog,
With claws entangled deep in hair;
It set the children all agog!)

From Willie's lips the smile took birth,
It sped uphill to eyes and ear
Till cheeks and mouth convulsed with mirth
And quickly swallowed up the tear '

PILLAR-A-CAT AND HOPPER-GRASS.

Miss Pillar-a-cat met Hopper-grass,
One warm, delightful July day,
And could not let the option pass,
To stop him short and have her say;

His muscle she had long admired
His agile feet, his sturdy thigh;
But when she saw them unattired,
She blushed—to view with unveiled eyes.

Said she, “You must excuse my whims,
And do not think me quite a prude,
But why expose your naked limbs
To all the world? ’Tis worse than rude!

“The nude in art, while I adore,
As Mrs. Grundy says ’tis right,
The nude in nature, I abhor,
And strongly wish it out of sight.

“With sumptuous fare where’er you go,
Up to your eyes in luscious clover,
Your lanky legs look, still, as though
They sadly needed ‘dipping over!’ ”

Said Hopper-grass to Pillar-a-cat;
“You look the modest thing you are;
I’d clothe myself and look quite fat,
If I had half your wealth of hair.

“Your supple form and dainty feet
Are quite entrancing, to my mind;
Charms so combined I rarely meet,
Your every feature seems refined;

“Your pretty eyes and mouth, I vow,
Are something quite unique and rare;
And those sweet antlers on your brow
Give you a look quite debonair!

“Your beauty captivates my heart,
Your movements all so graceful seem,
I nevermore can bear to part
From your blonde robe of flossy cream;

"I cannot hope that you will praise
My awkward limbs and ogre face,—
But, don't forget, the maxim says—
'The lean dog always wins the race.'

"Come off the fence, sweet P-A-C!
Come, be my bride,—I'll be your lover!
With your consent, we'll married be,
And ever after live in clover!"

Now, at his touch, she shrank and fell
Into his arms a fluffy ball;
What happened next I'll never tell;
They married were, and—that is all.

TO MY OLD UMBRELLA.

I honor you, my dear old friend,
For valued favors without end.
Through sunny days and stormy weather
We've wandered, arm in arm, together,
In times of drought and times of wet
Since the glad hour when first we met.
Your faded garments, old and worn,
Give evidence of hardship borne.
Your strength has been severely taxed;
You're all unstrung—unnerved, relaxed;—
You've now become so old and thin,
You show the ribs beneath your skin.
You're worse, of late, whene'er it rains;
I'm sure you feel rheumatic pains.
Your joints are stiff; your members shake
And tremble, at each move you make.
Your powers are surely on the wane;
An ordinary hurricane,
Or slightest touch of a cyclone,
Would shatter each remaining bone!

You're warped and tattered, I declare,
And looking much the worse for wear;
Your coat shows countless holes and scars,
As if you'd passed through many wars.
You have my sympathies, old pard!
Farewell! Your life has been too hard!
Forget your ugly gaps and seams,
And lay you down to pleasant dreams.
Peace to your bones! May no rude pest
Encroach upon your place of rest;
No scorching sun disturb your shade,
No drenching storm your peace invade.

EYES VERSUS LIPS.

I sit me down by Marie's side
And take her precious hand in mine,
And watch the fitful, glowing tide
Of youthful blood, like rosy wine,
Suffuse her blushing cheek;
In tones of melting tenderness
I say, "Dear Marie, may I speak?"
Her lips say "No!"—her eyes say "Yes!"

With fainting heart I note the word,
With anxious gaze I watch her eyes;
Her tender, trustful smiles, afford
The courage that her word denies.
Again I falter, "Marie, dear,
Please, will you not my waiting bless?"
Again the fatal word I hear,
Her lips say "No!"—her eyes say "Yes!"

Which shall I trust, the word, or look?

When asked, upon her wedding day,
(I've heard it said, or read in book,)

If she will cherish and *obey*,
A woman *says* what *form* requires,
But *means* just this, not more, nor less :
She'll do whate'er she most desires ;
Her eyes say "No!"—her lips say "Yes!"

Determined now to do my best
And trust my fate to eyes alone,
I clasp her fondly to my breast,
And *vow* I'll *have* her for my own!

* * * * *

Let woman's lips say what they may,
The eyes her inmost soul express ;
(At least, we've settled it that way ;)
Her lips say "No!"—her eyes say "Yes!"

TELL HER SO.

Amid the cares of married life,
In spite of toil and business strife,
If you value your sweet wife,

Tell her so.

Prove to her you don't forget
The bond to which your seal is set;
She's of life's sweets the sweetest yet—

Tell her so!

When days are dark and deeply blue,
She has her troubles same as you.
Show her that *your love* is true—

Tell her so!

In former days you praised her style
And spent much care to win her smile;
'Tis just as well now worth your while—

Tell her so!

There was a time you thought it bliss
To get the favor of one kiss;
A dozen, now, won't come amiss—

Tell her so!

Your love for her is no mistake;
You feel it—dreaming, or awake
Don't conceal it! For her sake,

Tell her so!

You'll never know what you have missed
If you make love a game of *whist*;
Lips mean *more* than *to be kissed*!

Tell her so!

Don't act, if she has passed her prime,
As though to please her were a crime!
If e'er you loved her, *now's* the time—

Tell her so!

She'll return, for each caress,
An hundredfold of tenderness!
Hearts like hers were *made to bless*!

Tell her so!

You are hers, and hers alone;
Well you know she's all your own;
Don't wait to "carve it on a stone"—
Tell her so!

When discouragements are rife,
Your best helpmate is your wife;
She's your mascot all through life—
Tell her so!

Never let her heart grow cold;
Richer beauties will unfold;
She is worth her weight in gold!
Tell her so!

INSOMNIA.

Now I lay me down to sleep—

But goodness knows how long 'twill be,
(All huddled up here in a heap,)

Before sweet slumber comes to me!

I close my eyes and try to doze,

And 'most succeed, I must confess,
When some slight itching, on my nose,
Awakens me to consciousness.

I give my nose a gentle touch,

The trouble quickly disappears,
But ere I've time to say as much,
The tingle's in one of my ears.

From ear to shoulder, now it glides,
And thence returns to whence it came;
It goes the rounds, and then subsides;
A quiet comes o'er all my frame.

I hear a soft step, in the hall;
It cannot be,—Now, what is that?
I thought I heard somebody call,
Oh, fiddle dee! 'tis but the cat!
My nerves received a fearful shock;
Now, *there's* a noise I do not like;
Oh, yes, I see, it is the clock;
'Tis getting ready for a strike.

I seek the realm of dreams in vain,
In vain invoke the drowsy god,
My eyes are open wide again,
I'm nowhere near the land of Nod.
O Morpheus! You're sly indeed,
And chary of your potent charms;
Be thou a friend, in time of need,
And fold me in thy restful arms.

If thou indeed art god of dreams,
Relieve me of this morbid pain;
Bid balmy soporific streams
Flow gently o'er my restless brain.
And thou, O Somnus, god of sleep!
To thee I offer prayer and vow;
Bid Lethean waters, cool and deep,
Refresh and soothe my fevered brow,

And summon all thy myriad host
Of mystic forms, in armed array,
To seize, and down, this wily ghost,
This arrant fiend, insomnia!
Exhausted by my prayers, at last
My head beneath the sheet I hide;
A trolley-car goes rushing past,
Again my eyes are open wide!

"To sleep!" said I? 'Tis a mistake!
My mind is sadly mixed to-night;
"I lay me down to keep awake,"
Would tell the story nearer right!
I make a vow: "I'll try no more!
I'll stay awake, upon my bed!"
Soon after that I sleep, and snore
Enough to fairly raise the dead!

THE EVENING AND THE MORNING.

The setting sun left earth suffused in tears
And chilling night permitted them to stay,
But dawn, more tender, soothed earth's brood-
ing fears,
And rosy morning kissed her tears away.

The starry night, ere day was born,
Looked down to see the coming morn;
She saw and kissed him, at his birth,
And, blushing, twilight veiled the earth.

'Twas night! The pale declining moon
Took her departure all too soon!
Each planet, star, and satellite
Waved her a sad but sweet "good-night;"
When morn approached, *they* kissed good-bye,
As each withdrew beyond the sky,
Then, night kissed morning, at his birth,
And blushing dawn kissed all the earth.

Morn softly crept on night apace
While paling starlight veiled his face;
He stole a kiss, and—she was gone;
She blushed, and mankind said 'twas dawn.

MISCEGENATION.

Bold morning stole on night apace
 And softly kissed her sombre face;
 Quoth she, "I long have sought this fate;
 We must, we *will*, amalgamate!"

REINCARNATION.

A dewdrop fell into a half-opened rose,
And feeling exhausted, as one might suppose,
Sank down on a petal for rest and repose,
And dropped, quite unconsciously, into a doze.

The evening was cool and the night colder still,
But, snug under cover, the drop felt no chill,
So, tenderly sheltered, and fearing no ill,
Sweet innocence took of rare fragrance its fill;

Not dreaming that danger, which lurks every-
where,
In the earth, in the sky, in the sea, in the air,
Could ever exist in the form of a snare,
In a bower so pure and so wondrously fair.

But, sad to relate, there soon came a mishap,
The beautiful dewdrop was caught in a trap,
For stamens and pistils broke up its sweet nap;
They seized and absorbed it, not leaving a
 scrap.

So dewdrop gave up its young life, as you see,
As food for the rose and game for the bee,
Thought that was the end, but not so do we
Dispose of this problem in theosophy;

To tell you what happened, without price or
 money,
Next morning the day being genial and sunny,
The dewdrop that passed, in a way that seemed
 funny,
Revived in the form of a drop of pure honey.

LIFE'S MIRAGE.

A charming city in the clouds, in beautiful
array;
To longing eyes it seems to be not very far
away;
'Tis wondrous fair to look upon, and almost in
my grasp;
I strain my eyes, extend my arms, as if its form
to clasp.

I see the sunlight dancing on domes o'erlaid
with gold,
On glist'ning spires and stately towers o'er-
looking wealth untold;
Reflecting peace and happiness, and earthly
pleasure there;
My bosom swells, as I pursue this city in the
air.

The prospect, how entrancing! Imagination
sweet,

Ne'er gave anticipation so glorious a treat!

"I'm coming, precious city! I'm flying unto
you!

In fancy, I am breathing your atmosphere of
blue!

"In fancy, I am scaling your tessellated walls;
Reposing upon beds of down, within your spa-
cious halls;

In fancy, I am resting 'neath cool, delightful
shade,

Beside refreshing fountain, or charming es-
planade:

"Your beauty, so alluring, engrosses all my
mind:

Determined to attain it, I leave all else behind:
With eagerness expectant, I press toward the
prize,

Invoking all the gods to aid my wish to real-
ize."

But, as I run, with anxious heart, pursue it
more and more,
I find myself, for all my pains, no nearer than
before.
Anon it seems to beckon me, I hasten where it
leads;
Alas! the nearer I approach, the farther it re-
cedes.

For years and years it seems I run, with
pleasure, in the chase,
To reach this phantom city and rest in its em-
brace;
But after all of life is spent, 'tis not for such
as I,
To dwell in peace and joy, with this fair city of
the sky.

WHEN EDITH SMILES.

When Edith smiles, the world looks bright;
The air seems filled with rosy light;
My heart responds with bliss elate,
My pulses thrill and palpitate,
When Edith smiles.

The grass looks greener, in the field;
The flowers, richer fragrance yield;
In harmony, earth's forces seem,
And life a blissful, happy dream,
When Edith smiles.

There's triumph in her mirthful eyes
Where Cupid, sly in ambush, lies,
Alert to spring upon his prey,
And bear it joyfully away—
When Edith smiles.

There's wealth of treasure in her lips—
That shelter gems whose pearly tips
O'erfill with envy, as with cheer,
Each soul within her magic sphere—
When Edith smiles.

The sweetest music ever heard,—
The voice of harp, or song of bird,—
Ne'er furnished half the charm to me,
That thrills my heart with melody
When Edith smiles.

Her voice is like a fairy flute,—
Her song, like bright Apollo's lute;
Her mirth, a merry rippling rill
Whose waters life and joy distill—
When Edith smiles.

The senses, all, rejoice and sing,
Despondency and gloom take wing,
Pain and trouble flee away,
Peace and gladness come to stay,
When Edith smiles.

Earth and sky, both look more fair,
 There's banishment of every care,—
Of all life's worries, griefs and fears,—
 Of sadness, sorrow, sighs and tears,—
 When Edith smiles.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LETTER.

You dainty, darling, precious thing—
Brought to me on Cupid's wing—
Sweetly, neatly, nicely dressed—
Fraught with love but half confessed—
Received with love but faintly guessed—
Clothed in coat of jaunty blue—
How I delight to gaze at you!

I vowed to burn you, soon as read,
Condemned you to your dying bed!
Destroy you now, at one fell blow,
Just as I've learned to love you so?
My ev'ry heart-throb cries out—No!
I can't conjure sufficient wrath
To give you now a *fiery bath*.

And yet I must my promise keep,
E'en though it makes me sigh and weep.
Is there no way—before too late—
To save you from this direful fate?
Must I your lovely form *cremate*?

(I'll not commit—*until I must—*
 "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.")

Must I behold with tearful eyes
 This all-consuming sacrifice?
 Is there no "scape-goat" at command,
 No "voice"—no power, to stay my hand,
 To save you from the wasting brand?
 One happy thought does courage give—
 If *you're* destroyed, your *soul shall live!*

Such soulful thoughts can never burn—
 They're treasured in my heart's deep urn;
 The flames may have your body, blue,
 With written lines of sombre hue;
 Envelope?—yes, you may go, too;
 While heavenward wends, in smoke, your
 heart,
 With me remains your better part!

A VALENTINE.

A dear old precious mother-bird,
In dainty cap and stainless feather,
Sat on a limb in leafless tree,
In chilling February weather :

Above her perch, the younger birds—
In happy, gay and festive measure,
Were reveling, with merry words
Or twittering, in bird-like pleasure.

(One never feels so much alone
As when, in noisy throng he wends,
With no heart throbbing to his own,
And thinks on absent, loving friends.)

She thought of one, whose noble heart
Had, erstwhile, shared her cozy nest;
And even now, his "better part,"
His spirit-presence, made her blest.

"Alas! 'tis mating time!" she said;
"The saddest day of all the year!"
And solemnly she bowed her head,
And silently she dropped a tear.

"O Thou, who notes the sparrow's fate!
Thy gifts we solemnize to-day!
In love, Thou gavest me a mate;
In love, hast taken him away!

"The richest blessing of my choice,
Now blossoms in Thy hand divine!
I wait the summons of Thy voice,
To meet—in heaven—my valentine!"

TO MISS C.A.R.D.

I know a woman, bright and fair,
Indeed, a precious lump;
She's not a common kind of c.a.r.d.,
She's ev'ry inch a trump!

She's like a dainty *pack* of cards,
All *gilt-edge* and complete;
Just such a pack as one should have,
If he would play to beat."

Queens and Kings, with crown and swords,
She has at her command,
And scatters *hearts and diamonds*
Where'er she *deals a hand*.

She's ready for an honest game,
And plays it well enough;
But never plays a naughty trick,
Nor any kind of "bluff."

She never trumps her partner's ace,
 Nor takes a chance at poker;
 She knows when to be *whist*, as well
 As when to be a *joker*.

She shuffles with such perfect ease,
 And *deals*, with graceful air;
 You can but see the *hand* she gives,
 Is more than *passing* fair.

This pack has plenty of "court" cards,
 For which she has good use;
 But should one press a *suit* too far,
 Maybe *he'd* get the deuce.

To her mind all mankind are "pards,"
 And all the world, a pack,
 And he who does not learn to play,
 Is but a sorry jack.

LOVE'S IMMUNITY.

Love goes, but never by command;
'Tis free as air and light are free!
It flies away o'er sea and land,
To meet its true affinity.

'Tis not controlled by bolts and bars,
Nor yet confined to any sphere;
Its realm extends beyond the stars,
Or culminates within a tear.

Love's forts are never forced to yield,
Nor ever taken as "by storm;"
The heart is not a battlefield,
Where cannon, sword, and warriors swarm.

If you attempt, by force and greed,
To rob the fortress of its own;
The fort you may secure, indeed,
But find that love, the prize, has flown.

Love's armor is the gift of heaven!
Of God in nature, grace and art!
And all its weapons are God-given,
To gird and fortify the heart!

The stars may pale, and turn to dust,—
The worlds to chaos change again;
But 'midst all wreck and ruin, must
The soul of love intact remain!

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

'Tis what we fear will come to pass,
The trouble that we borrow,
That makes us cowards all, alas!
And intimate with sorrow.

Anxieties, like locusts, swarm
In yonder far-off sky,
While not a shade of present harm
Beclouds our path near-by.

Oh, foolish ones, and slow of heart,
To read life's simplest stories!
To learn the lessons they impart,
And shun the pains and worries!

Sufficient unto every day,
Is each day's share of trouble,
And he who looks too far away,
May see his troubles double.

NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

May the new year unfold to you,
Its wealth of blessing—pure and true!
Withhold its sorrows, sighs and tears,
Its disappointments and its fears.
And pour into your lap its store
Of hoarded peace, and joys galore!
May adverse fortune bring no ill;
May kindest friends be kinder still,
May gentle word and loving smile,
The time with tenderness beguile;
And make this year, with mercies rife,
The gladdest year of all your life!

THE LAST COOKY IN THE BATCH.

Ancient friend, I'll not abuse you,
 Sadly I deplore your fate;
Etiquette bids me refuse you,
 Poor, last cooky on the plate!

Modesty has quite undone you!
 At the bottom of the jar—
There was naught to do but shun you,
 Buried in the depths so far!

Once you were so young and tender,
 Now you're sallow, old and thin;
Hoary age has served to render
 Coarse and tough, your tawny skin.

Once you thought yourself the neatest,
 Fair and round and trim, to match;
Once you thought yourself the sweetest,
 Sweetest cooky in the batch!

In your youth you had rich savor ;
Toothsome, dainty, nice and sweet ;
Now, you've lost your dulcet flavor ;
Now, you're hardly fit to eat !

How I pity you, old fellow !
Sweetly silent and alone ;
Aged, wrinkled, hard and yellow ;
All your dear companions gone ;

Solitary, sad and dreary,
Last exemplar of your race,
Unlamented, love-lorn, weary,
Get you hence and hide your face !

THE ENAMOURED ROSE.

"O, come to my bower!" to the bee said the
flower;

"The banquet is ready, I'm waiting for thee!
My heart's wildly beating, it's welcome re-
peating,

E'er since the last time when you supped here
with me.

"They call me a rose; why, nobody knows,
Unless it's for fragrance, and beauty, and
thorns!

To me it's the same, whatever my name,
So long as *your presence* my glad life adorns.

"Come, give me a kiss! your caresses I miss;
All the sweetness within me now yearns for
your sips!

My breast opens wide, to take you inside,
And *feast* you with nectar stored up for *your*
lips!

“I was wild with delight, when you first met
 my sight,
 As you entered so softly, my half open door!
 I should be excused, if I seemed much con-
 fused,
 For I never had met any *lover* before.

“O, that lovely Spring morn, when first I was
 born!
 I opened my eyes in a shower-bath of dew,
 Intermingled with green and silvery sheen,
 On a beautiful world, all spread out to my
 view!

“My heart-strings were stirred by the first
 sound I heard,
 A rhythmical buzzing, harmonic and bland;
 Like a wee serenade, by a honey-bee played,
 Or the musical notes of a *fairy* brass band!

“’Twas all very strange, so sudden the change,
 And all my surroundings, just then, seemed
 so queer;
 All at once, your bright face, illumined the
 place,
 Then, your shoulders, and delicate wings, did
 appear.

“Another sweet kiss; we will not count this;
I *owe* you one more, for the pollen, you bring;
You must not think strange, of this fond in-
terchange;
Embrace me again; I’ve *no fear of your sting!*

“That’s the true way to live! get *rich*, as we
give,
As well as by *what we receive*, every hour!
I’ll be millionaire, if you’ll always deal fair,
And only come *often enough* to my bower.

“Ah, now! *must* we part?—well,—good-bye,
—*dear* heart!
I’ve enjoyed your brief stay, more than
tongue can express!
Do promise, before you pass out of my door,—
You’ll return here again, in ten minutes—or
less;—

“Rose life, is so brief,—I shall come to grief;
Each moment—with me,—is as ten thousand
years!
So I grasp, as it flies, each joy—ere it dies—
And count it all bliss,—for I’ve *no time* for
tears!”

SOLITUDE.

As I sit in the twilight, a shadow comes o'er
me—

A feeling of sadness, depression and gloom;
The skies—erstwhile bright—change to darkness
before me,

The voices of night seem as sounds from the
tomb.

'Tis not that poor health or ill luck has assailed
me—

That fortune has frowned, or friends proved
untrue,

Nor that some of my fond calculations have
failed me—

'Tis—I don't know just what—but somehow,
I feel blue!

'Tis Sabbath-day ev'ning; All nature around
me

Is budding and blooming,—but all seems so
still;

The powers of darkness, at once, have so bound
me—

I cannot dispel nor resist them at will.

I harbor no doubts nor cares, to oppress me—

No thing to molest—or make me afraid,

No debts,—nor aught of the kind—to distress
me,

No trouble with any,—man, woman, or maid;

But speaking of woman, may serve to relieve
me,

Despondency may be engendered by this—

When I think of it—now, (I beg you'll be-
lieve me)

'Tis twenty-four hours since I've seen sweet
Meliss!

SAID JAMIE TO BESS.

Said Jamie to Bess, "Would you think it
amiss

If, in rapturous mood, I should take a sweet
kiss?

You would miss it, of course! Yes, I see your
lip curled!"

"Me, miss it!"—said Bessie,—"No! Not for
the world!"

L. of C.

LINES TO NELLIE'S NEW GUITAR.

My buxom, new-made friend, Guitar;
How very fortunate you are—
To be consigned to Nellie's arms—
A daily witness of her charms.
About your neck her arm is laid,
All the time you're being played.
Think how often you will be
Gently resting on her knee—
While your comely form is pressed
Closely to her throbbing breast—
And round her neck your scarf of blue!
How I envy, envy you!
Think,—when tip of dainty fingers,
Firmly on your larynx lingers;—
Think,—as each fond finger clings
Tightly to your bosom-strings
And your vocal chords rejoice
In harmony with her sweet voice,—

Think, I beg you! meditate
Upon your happy, happy fate!—
How delightful it will be,—
Joining in her minstrelsy!
Thank your lucky, lucky star—
That you were ever born,—Guitar!
Be not prudish overmuch,—
But responsive to her touch.
If, at times, she twist your ears,
Be not offended,—have no fears;
You'll realize it very soon—
You're nicest when in perfect tune,—
And it were better, better far,
To be a well-behaved guitar.
Swell the scale from A to Z,
With your choicest melody!
Let your proudest powers combine
To sound in tones almost divine;
Thus will you serve her best, the while
You win her most approving smile.

A REVERIE.

I wish I could recall the day,
When first I saw your precious face;
There must have been some potent charm
About that sacred time, and place.

The hour when first you welcomed me—
The moment, when our eyes first met—
There should have been some magic spell,
Which yearning souls could not forget.

The cordial glance; the cheery smile,
The clasp of hand—the coy, first touch—
How little it all seemed to mean,
While really it meant so much.

I wot not if the day was fair—
With zephyrs soft, and skies serene—
Or if the heavens were dimly clad;
If fields were waste, or rich with green.

How wonderful, that such an hour—
So fraught with all that makes life sweet—
Could be, without the occult power
To mark—when kindred spirits meet!

If we could then but have foreseen,
What coming years would bring to view,
What happiness had filled that hour—
How strangely sweet, to me and you!

But possibly 'twere better thus—
Each joy unfolding—one by one—
Each step an added sweet surprise—
Till life be past, and heaven is won.

YOU LOVE ME IN MY DREAMS.

I see you in my dreams, Meliss,
In sweet and winsome guise,
With smiling face, and gracious mien—
With love-light in your eyes.
Your gentle nature warms my heart
With tender thoughts—galore;
You love me—in my dreams, Meliss,
I ask for nothing more.

We walk together, hand in hand,
We sit in leafy bowers,
We drink from pure, refreshing springs—
Mid redolence of flowers.
We watch the birds upon the wing,—
The bees, while at their task;—
You love me—in my dreams, Meliss,
'Tis all I dare to ask.

We ramble over pastures, green;—
Recline beneath the shade;—
Together climb the mountain side,
And wander through the glade;
Together, rest on mossy banks,
By pure, Arcadian streams;—
Be as you will in waking hours—
You love me—in my dreams!

My dreams are luminous, Meliss,
There's no obscureness there;
Where'er you are, 'tis always day—
And ever bright and fair;
Your smile makes all things radiant—
Where darkness else would be;
You love me—in my dreams, Meliss—
And I?—I worship thee!

WILL WE, TOGETHER?

When we shall leave this world of care,
And don such robes as angels wear—
Beyond the reach of mortal ken—
Say, will we know each other, then?

Will we?

Will we, as now, together stand—
Clasping each the other's hand—
And, looking in each other's eyes,
Each other, fondly recognize?

And will we there, together, stray
Among the stars? Together pray?
Together, tread the mansions fair,
Together, greet out loved ones, there?

Together, walk the streets of gold,
Together, precious thoughts unfold,
Together ramble, hand in hand,
Amongst the blessed angel band,—

Will we?

Together, view the heavenly scene,
Together, rove the fields of green,
Together, pluck the flowers, sweet,
That bloom eternal, at our feet?

Together sit, by living streams,
Together, realize our dreams,
Together, rest beneath the shade
Of verdure that can never fade?

"Water of life," together, drink,
Together stand, on Canaan's brink,
Together, "view the landscape o'er,"
Together dwell, forevermore,

Will we?

WISHES.

There are wishes and wishes, and wishes
galore;
As many as stars in the heavens, or more;
But of all the sweet wishes, to *me* the most
dear,
Is the wish for the absent—"I wish he were
here!"

I wish him "good day," "good luck," or
"much joy,"
Health, wealth, and happiness without alloy—
"A bright, merry Christmas," "A happy New
Year!"
None voice the lone heart—like "I wish he
were here!"

When lonely hours come and loved friends
are away,
To remain for a month, or a week, or a day—
The heart seems deserted, devoid of all cheer,
And the language of love is "I wish he were
here."

Take, for instance, the case of a husband from
home—
If the right sort of man, he prefers not to
roam—
And the right sort of wife, I think it is clear—
Is oftentimes thinking, "I wish he were here!"

The same is the case with the love-stricken
maid,
As she lies in the hammock, or sits in the
shade—
Pretending to read or to sew—while—I fear
Her fond heart is sighing—"I wish he were
here!"

Only one letter added, makes change in the
sex—
Alters conditions, and makes it complex—
The words intermingle with accent so queer—
I wish *she* were here—"I wish *he* were here!"

Whiche'er way it happens—when lone hours
come—

Whether she is away, or he's not at home—
Whether "lover" or "sweetheart"—it need not
appear—

The same words express it—"I wish (s)he
were here."

In seasons of joy or sorrow or woe,
If the soul be bowed down or the heart all
aglow—

Whether laughter abounds, or the eye drops a
tear—

The sense of the heart is, "I wish (s)he were
here."

I, TIRE OF THEE!

Yes!—when flowers tíre of early dew;—
When song-birds tíre of heaven's blue;—
When thirsty meadows tíre of showers;—
When thrifty gardens tíre of flowers;—
When Summer tíres of warmth and light;—
When nature tíres of day and night;—
When conquering heroes tíre of scars;—
When evening tíres of moon and stars;—
When parsimony tíres of wealth;—
When active manhood tíres of health;—
When health and vigor tíre of youth;—
When right and reason tíre of truth;—
When misers tíre of riches given;—
When truth and virtue tíre of heaven;—
When ocean tíres of wind and wave;—
When mercy tíres of souls to save;—
When breezes tíre, on land and sea;—
Then, dearest wife, I'll tíre of thee!

THEIR OPINION OF ME.

I value my friends for their probity rare,
And praise their good points, which are easy
to see,
But I never have found any friend yet, who
dare
To tell me his secret opinion of me.

There's my friend Charlie H. and my friend
Joseph L.—
And last, though not least, my good friend
Harry B.
I know *my* opinion of *them*, very well,
But never may know *their* opinion of *me*.

Among lady friends, if you ask me to choose,
The one I most value, is charming Miss
V.—
And I'd willingly give all my old boots and
shoes,
In exchange for her private opinion of me.

There's my lawyer, my doctor, my partner,
my wife;

To each one in turn, I'm a fair devotee;
But, unless for the purpose of saving my life,
I doubt if they'd tell all they think about
me.

WHERE THE BROOK AND RIVER
MEET.

Sweet Maude has reached her eighteenth year;
Time now will speed on nimble feet;
She smiling stands, without one fear,
Just where the brook and river meet.

Her life thus far has been a dream,
With every wish fulfilled complete;
She's paddled gaily down the stream
To where the brook and river meet.

But now she looks with eager eye,
And anxious wish, to be discreet;
She scans the future wistfully—
From where the brook and river meet.

She hesitates upon the brink
From which there can be no retreat,
Alert to move, yet slow to think—
She's where the brook and river meet.

Where the Brook and River Meet. 115

She lifts her heart in prayer profound,
And Heaven comes, her soul to greet,
While guardian angels hover round
The spot, where brook and river meet.

GOD BLESS YOU!

God bless you for the smiles, dear wife;—
The smiles of winsome grace
That daily, ever and anon,
 Illume your precious face!
The love-light in your eyes, sweet wife,
 Each gloomy thought beguiles;
And gratitude begets the prayer—
 “God bless you for your smiles!”

God bless you for your patience, dear—
 With me, from day to day;—
Your trustfulness and hopefulness,
 Do much to smooth life's way;
Your perfect faith, would mountains
 Of anxiety remove
Into a sea of sweet content!
 God bless your patient love!

In every hour of sadness—
 Of weariness, or pain—
 Your ever-ready sympathy
 Revives my heart again.
 Your kindly look, your gentle touch,
 Soothes every aching smart;
 I cherish your affection, dear,—
 God bless your gentle heart!

God bless your sweet forgetfulness
 Of all my petty faults;—
 (Who most of sin forgives, my dear,
 The sinner most exalts!)
 But—'mongst the things which you forget,
 I beg you, don't embrace
 My grateful benediction,—
 "God bless your pard'ning grace!"

O THE BS.

On one of our streets there's a race of queer
Bs,—
They live in a brick hive,—well shaded by
trees;
If they have any stings, no one has yet found
them,—
So their friends remain constant,—with nothing
to wound them.

While all other bees seem to live on their
honey,
This tribe of quaint Bs, mostly live by their
money.
While other bees always do swarm—if they
thrive,—
This nest of bees stay at home in their hive.

In this hive of odd Bs, there is only one
Can be called a male B,—and he's not a
“drone;”

The young “queen” who rules in the hive, is a
she-B,—

And yet,—by her beauty and grace,—she's a
Hebe.

This family of Bs go about without wings,
And one of their number exquisitely sings;
I know her quite well,—as well as I can
know;—

She not only sings,—she plays the piano.

She plays games at cards,—shuffles and
deals—

And, though not a cripple, she travels “on
wheels.”

She makes up no honey, nor bee-bread, at
home,

But is certainly well-bred, and has a shell-
comb.

While other bees go to the flowers they prefer,
In her case the flowers themselves go to her.
It's a funny condition of things, as you see;
These Bs,—so *bewitching*,—have quite *be-*
witched me.

They keep up a buzzing, and such a sweet
humming,—
Bedeck and *bedazzle*,—*behave* so *becoming*,—
One must *be* content and *benign*, as you
know—
When treated with care, such as these Bs *be-*
stow.

IF I HAD NEVER MET YOU.

If I had never met you, dear,
My life would not have been complete;—
One's life depends so largely, on
Companionship with those we meet;—
If you had never crossed my path,
The way through life would have been
drear,
And fraught with countless lonely hours,
If I had never met you, dear!

If I had never met you, dear,—
Your precious face had never seen,—
The world would not have seemed so fair,—
The flowers so sweet—the grass so green;
My very dreams would vapid be
If in them you did not appear;
And waking hours would have no charm
If I had never met you, dear!

If I had never met you, dear,
Nor learned the language of your eyes,
Nor touched your hand, nor pressed your lips—
Where soundless depth of sweetness lies—
Nor seen the smile on your bright face,
This world would all be dark, I fear;
My light of life would be obscure
If I had never met you, dear!

If I had never met you, dear,
My life would be one tangled maze—
With no congenial spirit near,—
No answering look to meet my gaze;—
No gentle voice, no fond caress,
No love, no sympathetic tear;
No joy, no peace, no happiness—
If I had never met you, dear!

If I had never met you, dear,
I dread to think what fate were mine;
My heart would shrink from paying vows
At any other earthly shrine;
At the sweet altar of your love,
I worship now with praise sincere;
There'd be no heaven anywhere
If I had never met you, dear!

MARY AND HER BIKE.

Mary had a little bike,
Its rubber tires were hollow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
Her bike was sure to follow.

It followed her down town, one day—
It was against the rule,—
And ere it ambled half the way,
It ran against a mule;

The mule, he smiled, and raised his hoof—
And “winked his other eye,”—
And then, her bike, it followed her—
To mansions in the sky.

QUE VOULEZ-VOUS?

A Frenchman, who was creditor—
To customer,—ten louis d'or—
And vainly sought him, many times,
Addressed the concierge in rimes.

“How ees it?—Vhen I here, before,
You boldly stop me at ze door—
(You think me green like one pea-soup?)
And say, ‘Monsieur, he ees not oup!’

“And now, vhen I am come again,
You hesitate, wiz look of pain,
And, eyeing me wiz angry frown,
You say, ‘Monsieur, he ees not down!’

“Vhat ees it, zat you me for take?
He must be sleeping, or awake!
I can no dance to all your feedle!
Say, vhen will he be in ze meedle?”

THE DROP OF DEW.

Miss "Dewy-eve"—Dame Nature's child—
 Who wept as often as she smiled,—
 Let fall a tear in ocean blue,—
 The tear was called "a drop of dew."

At Neptune's door the nursling lay,
 And would have lain till break of day—
 But Father Neptune took it in,
 As if it were his kith and kin.

Gently he clasped the little waif
 In his broad arms, and held it safe;
 And soon the infant went to sleep—
 "Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

It oped its eyes in early morn—
 As children do when first they're born—
 And gazed about in mute surprise—
 Then raised to heaven its feeble cries.

Just then old Neptune called his wife
To view this latest form of life
That had appeared in his domain—
Resembling much, his old friend, Rain.

Said Mrs. Nep, "I do declare!
Here now, is something quaint, and rare,—
Without the faintest stain of brine!
The little tot must be divine!

"Its hands, its feet, its dimpled chin,
Show not the slightest taint of sin;
Behold! Its cheeks, its lips, its eyes,
Reflect the beauties of the skies!"

"In all my realm I've never seen
So pure a mite of crystal sheen—
A drop so clear and delicate—
It surely is immaculate!"

She hailed her girls that round her play—
A sprightly band, styled "Ocean-spray,"—
One by one they took a peek,
And vowed the limpid form unique.

And would have kissed it then and there—
But Mother Nep cried out “Beware!
Soil not its form with mundane breath—
One mild caress might cause its death!”

Said one, “Let’s take it for a ride!—
The wind is high, likewise the tide!—
To give it joy, we’ll do our best—
We’ll mount it on a billow’s crest!”

Away they rode,—the wind blew hard,—
They gathered round it—as a guard—
They raced, and romped, in childish glee,
O’er highest waves on wildest sea.

Now, while these scenes were taking place,
Old Sol arose—with smiling face—
And—glancing hurriedly around—
Descried the waif old Nep had found.

And recognized it—on the spot—
As one by Dewy-eve begot,
And guessed just what had taken place,
To cause the tot to fall from grace.

And summoning his fleetest team—
Attached it to a sunny-beam
That hastened down to billows'-crest
And captured Neptune's tiny guest,

And changed its form to vapor light,
And so 'twas kept until the night,
Then once again it did appear—
Reincarnated—in a tear.

"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL!"

"Thou shalt not steal!" So reads the law,
both human and divine.
Thou shalt not surreptitiously
take aught that is not thine!
And yet, she's ta'en away my heart,
and left not hers instead!
By turns, she "steals awhile away"
my heart, and then, my head!

When I descry, beneath her veil,
the lips it would conceal;
I wish it might not be a theft,
to just "break through and steal!"
Her glossy, raven tresses—
luxuriant and thick—
I sigh to be the burglar bold,
that dares those locks to pick!

And, as I steal quick glances,
and note her sweet surprise,
Does she account it merely
as a case of "hook and eyes"?
And when her cheeks—so fresh and fair—
my eager eye observes,
I wonder if she knows I ache
to steal her peach-preserves?

"Thou shalt not steal!" O my! It makes
me tremble, just to think—
The guilty culprit I may be,—
now standing on the brink
Of Sinai's awful precipice—
and knowing to the fact!
An eager, anxious, loving, trembling—
clep-to-ma-ni-ac!

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

I have a secret, Genevieve,
 Which I will tell to you;
 'Twill be no less a secret
 When shared between us two,—
 For, what is treasured in your heart,
 Is buried there to stay
 And ne'er again be brought to light—
 Till resurrection day.

'Tis such a pleasing mystery,
 So fraught with blissful charm—
 So copious in sweet results,
 Without the slightest harm—
 I'm sure you'll quite agree with me
 And praise my tact, as well;
 I don't exact a promise,
 For I'm sure you'll never tell.

You know the darling photograph
You gave to sister Sue,—
The most bewitching image
I ever saw, of you,—
With smiling face and shining eyes
And graceful poise of head?
That precious prize, suspended hangs
Beside my folding bed;—

And every night, ere I retire
To get my needed rest,
Two lips are fondly, tenderly
And ardently impressed
Upon the semblance of your own—
So tempting and so fair,—
Forgive me, dearest, if I err,—
I meet no censure there.

And when at morn I ope mine eyes,
The vision still remains
And smiles upon me from above—
And I could swear, it feigns
To beckon me in mute appeal,—
As if it wished to say,
“I don’t count those you had last night,—
Begin afresh to-day!”

Think you, I manage to resist
This witchery in art?
Not so, my dear, I can't desist,—
Why should I starve my heart?
With no one near to interrupt—
No curious form to pry—
I bow before that guileless shrine,—
The semblance of your eye.

I don't pretend, dear Genevieve,
The thrill is near so sweet
As when, in life, your lips and mine
In osculation meet,
But, oft in life, we measure joy
By what, to us, it seems!
'Tis thus we sometimes realize
Such ecstasy in dreams!

Full half the joys of life, are mere
Imaginary bliss,
And who shall say, "There's naught, in an
Imaginary kiss?"
Temptations come to all of us—
Since Father Adam's fall—
And never one more sweet, than this
Chaste picture—on the wall.

A VALENTINE.

Would'st know what book I like the best,
And scan with deepest interest,
And reading, find my love increased
Till life is made a blessed feast?
No other book e'er had such art
To charm and captivate my heart.
'Tis poetry and prose combined,
The purest, sweetest, choicest kind;
Every chapter, page and verse,
Is richer than a miser's purse;
The more I study it, the more
I prize its wealth of precious lore.
A book so noble, good and true,
'Twere worth a world to read it through.
Its worthy author never can
Be fully known by mortal man.
'Tis never found on stand or shelf;
Its author God! The book? yourself.

LOVE HAS NO NIGHT.

Would'st paint, with artist's pen or brush
Love's early dawn, its faint, first blush?
Its speechless thrill, its soulful hush?

Would'st paint love's midday calm and bright
With earnest mien, and warmer light,
Its growing faith and clearer sight?

Love's evening, would'st thou fain portray
When ripper grown at close of day
When all its powers are in full sway?

Would'st paint love's night, that follows even?
No night to love was ever given!
It has no night, for love is heaven!

LINES TO A KISS.

You fleeting, flitting, flirting thing,
Flying round on unseen wing,
Fraught with pleasure sweetly crescent;
Why so sadly evanescent?
Now on cheek, now on lips,
Now on hand or finger-tips,
Petting, soothing, fondly pressing,
Thrilling, wooing and caressing—
Dearest mite of airy something
Ever conjured out of nothing—
Why in blushes coyly hiding?
Why not constant and abiding?
Always taking, always giving,
Yet on borrowed sweetness living—
In your life of blissful glory,
Why so brief and transitory?
At first you're one made out of two,
And mayhap, ere your life is through,

You've merged into so many more
That one could count you by the score.
('Tis meet that pleasures beatific,
Should be so charmingly prolific!)
You're barely come, before you're gone—
With all your sweet life thrived upon—
Your flavor vanished from the taste,
And life again a barren waste.
(How sad, that joys the very sweetest
Should ever be of joys the fleetest!)
Why not leave something, ere your flying,
Permanently satisfying?
You're scarcely born, when lo! you're dead—
And all your magic sweetness fled!
Dead? Yes, to sense, but still you'll be
Alive in fondest memory!
Now, when from worldly taint you're freed,
Your epitaph like this should read—
"Here lies the soul of earthly bliss—
The memory of a perfect kiss."

IF MAN WERE ALWAYS KIND.

What happiness would fill the earth—
What peace, what joy refined—
If human nature had no fault
And man were always kind.

How many barren, cheerless hearts,
To fate now unresigned,
Would "bud and blossom as the rose,"
If man were always kind.

Pain and sorrow, toil and care,
With poverty combined,
Would lose their power to sway the soul,
If man were always kind.

Our troubles thus would lighter seem
Our clouds be silver-lined,
Our lives more faithful, fond and true
If man were always kind.

Serenity would crown the hours,
Contentment fill the mind,
And every pathway lead to flowers,
If man were always kind.

'A joy surpassing sweetest thought,—
A love that is not blind,—
Would animate the universe,
If man were always kind.

All things would seem harmonious,—
As first by God designed, —
And heaven and nature jubilate,
If man were always kind.

MY RIVAL.

Last night a fellow came to town,
A stranger, quite to me;
But wife, she loved him at first sight,
As fondly as could be.

He called upon her right away,
And used such winning art,
That though he hadn't much to say,
He quickly won her heart.

You see, she's quite susceptible—
Impulsive-like, and so
It looks like I might get the slip,
And she another beau.

He's something of a pugilist,
And likely, I suppose,—
If I continue in the ring—
To break my precious nose.

It makes me feel so mortified,
Embarrassed, small and mean,—
Since we have loved each other so—
To have him come between.

She says that I am envious
And jealous of his charms;
Who wouldn't be, if he could see
This rival in her arms?

He just a-cuddling up to her,
She snuggling up to him?
She never was so sweet on me
Since first she called me Jim!

He didn't bring a recommend—
Nor wear a stylish suit;
And as to any reference,
The fellow, he is mute.

Mute, did I say? I'll take it back—
If mute is what I said;—
Just now he's making noise enough
To wake the sleeping dead!

What shall I do? Where can I go
For peace? Aye, there's the rub!
She's welcome to this hurricane!
I'll hie me to the club!

WHY NOT (WARUM NICHT)?

I gave my pretty sweetheart Maude,
A kiss upon her rosy lips.
And as I turned, the dainty fraud
Erased it with her finger-tips.

Said I, "My dear, why treat me thus—
As if my kisses were a sin?"
Said she, "Now don't you make a fuss—
That's just my way to rub 'em in!"

THE COQUETTE.

Her heart, like a kite that is borne on the
breeze,

Flies hither and yon, like a bird ill at ease.

It flirts and coquettes, like a merry, wild thing,

Yet I know it is mine, for I'm holding the
string.

I feel its attraction, I sense every move

That would draw me still nearer the object I
love.

LOVE IS EVERYTHING.

Love's the grain, love's the sickle,
Love's the acid, love's the pickle,
Love's the mint, and love's the nickel—

Love is everything.

Love's the pain, love's the pleasure,
Love's the seed, and love's the measure,
Love's the casket, love's the treasure,—

Love is everything.

AH, HUM!

She loved, but never told her love
The smallest crumb—
Except with eyes and fond caress,
Or pensive sighs of tenderness—
Her lips were dumb.

She loved, but never told her love—
She kept it mum.
Her lips were sealed—the truth to smother,
For she was married to another—
Ah, hum!

THE CHAPERONE OF THE STARS.

The queen of night—the waning moon—
Took her departure none too soon.
The wandering stars, ere she was gone,
Threw kisses to their chaperone.
Each radiant star waved her adieu,
As gracefully she passed from view.

THE MOTHER KISS.

(A SOLILOQUY.)

“On early morning when I rise,
I play bo-peep with baby’s eyes;
And if I wish for aught to eat
I take my fill of sweet-sweet—
Also my drink—in luscious sips
From baby’s rosy-posy lips.
And when I wish to seek repose,
I nestle under baby’s nose.
And fondly tuck my little head
In baby’s two-lip folding-bed.”

“16—TO—I.”

When Maude was sixteen she had plenty of
beaux,
And thought herself smitten with one. (But
who knows?)
Said I, “Why not marry them all?” (just in
fun)—
Said she, “I am only *sweet* sixteen to one.”

LOVE'S FOLDING-BED.

A dainty thing, love's folding-bed ;
 Composed of two lips—soft and red—
And sweet with fragrant blisses.
 A thousand fairies rest within—
Whom to disturb might be a sin :—
 'Tis full of sleeping kisses !

While slumbering in this rosy bower—
 Unconscious of their occult power—
No evil can o'ertake them ;
 But who can tell the good or ill
That might the bosom rend or thrill,
 Of him that dares to wake them ?

A LOVE SONG.

Abide with me! The night is dark,
The wind goes moaning o'er the lea;
The granite boulders, strong and stark,
Fling back weird echoes from the sea.

Abide with me! My heart is sad,
My soul is crying out for thee!
Thy presence near shall make me glad!
Abide, sweet love, abide with me!

Abide with me,—thy hand in mine,
Thy face a mirrored heaven above,
And thy dear eyes with rays divine
Reflecting my unchanging love.

Abide with me, thou peerless one!
I crave thee, need thee every hour;—
As drooping flowerets crave the sun,
As stunted streamlets need the shower.

I faint and falter by the way,
Without thy loving presence near;
Thy smile can drive all clouds away;
Abide with me, my precious dear.

I need thee morning, noon and night,
Through all the weeks and months and
years!

When thou art absent from my sight
There's nothing left to me but tears!

My eyes are blinded by their flow;—
My heart is weeping, too, my sweet;—
No other soul than thine shall know
The love I lay at thy dear feet.

A NYMPH AT THE BATH.

A nymph at the bath is wee Dautto, the fair ;
With eyes like two sapphires, and curls of
 blonde hair ;
She's a picture that mortals and gods might
 behold
With pride, as she shakes her bright ringlets of
 gold.

The dimples and kiss-spots her plump form dis-
 closes,
Are plenty as buds on a bush of wild roses.
They flourish on cheeks, on hands, in her hair,
On her neck, on her shoulders, and everywhere.

I fill them with kisses—e'en down to her toes,
Then pat her and pet her and put on her clothes.

A TRUE KISS.

A true kiss is a child of art;
Born on the lips, but conceived in the heart;
God's link of the diviner part
With human:
The dawn of love, the end of strife—
The seal of peace twixt man and wife —
It owes its origin and life—to Woman.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

May loving friends—the chosen few
Whose loyalty has proved them true—
Be ever ready, ever near,
To serve you, through the coming year.
Load on load, may blessings come
To cheer your heart and fill your home.
May Santa Claus, the dear old man,
Approach you with his load and span
And fill your cup so full of joys
That diamond mines will seem but toys
Compared with all the wealth of bliss
That makes your stock of happiness.

A SPRING MITTEN.

Said Spring to Winter, "Dear old boy,
I much regret I must annoy
An aged pilgrim like yourself,
By laying him upon the shelf:
I know you're very sensitive,
And think you haven't long to live,
And so you claim the sympathy
Of tender-hearted souls like me;—
But, truth to tell, I'm weary, quite,
And strongly wish you out of sight.
You've lingered in my lap too long,
So listen to my parting song.
Don't think, because I've let you stand
So near my side, and hold my hand,
That you could ever win my heart!
Ah, no, old boy; I'm quite too smart,
To be inveigled by your chaff:—
The mere suggestion makes me laugh!

Although you're brave and strong and bold,
You're much too aged and too cold;
So save yourself a lover's woes
And don't, I beg you, don't propose!
Please get you hence, and hide your face,—
This dallying is a disgrace;—
'Twill compromise me in the eyes
Of one whom I more dearly prize;—
If you remain—I tell you true—
I'll make it very warm for you!
For I am pledged to yield my charms
Into my sweetheart Summer's arms.
So, fare thee well, and haste away,
And die, to live another day."

AN ELEVATOR EPISODE.

'Twas in a down-town business lift,
That sped its course both sure and swift
From top to bottom floor.

A lady came in hasty mood,
And with her back to me, she stood
Beside me, near the door.

Within this dimly lighted place
I scanned her dress, her form, her face,
And thought I knew her well.
She didn't speak—as well she might—
And instantly I felt the slight—
My spirits quickly fell.

And as she stood with face serene
And nothing there to intervene—
And thinking it no harm;
A sweet surprise I quickly planned;
I playfully put forth my hand
And slyly pinched her arm.

She turned about with such a look,
I knew at once I had mistook—
Had carried things too far.

The lift now stopped with sullen sound
But I seemed going down and down—
I'd gotten such a jar!

I begged her pardon o'er and o'er—
Apologized! What could I more?
And then she said quite pat,
With roguish look and accent kind—
"Don't worry, sir! I do not mind
A little thing like that!"

THE ILL-FATED KISSLET.

I'm an unhappy kisslet, and this is my plaint ;
(I pose as a martyr, and not as a saint),
I've had such abuse as entitles my heirs
To a large life-long pension, by way of repairs.
But to come to the point, without waste of time,
For circumlocution is worse than poor rhyme.
'Twas at a reception of ladies one day,
A bridal reception, just over the way,
On the lips of a woman, I made my début,
As fresh and delicious as heavenly dew.
On meeting the bride, I flew to her lips,
And nestled there fondly, enjoying sweet sips,
When quick came another, another, another,
In rapid succession that threatened to smother
My poor little life in a maelstrom of blisses,
And bury my form 'neath a mountain of kisses.
On, on; like a swarm of wild bees, still they
came,
Until little was left of poor me but a name;

'Twas lucky for me that I hadn't some bones,
To be crushed to fine dust, by the kiss of Miss
 Jones,
And the ponderous smacks of Miss Brown and
 Miss Hall,
That came like a whirlwind, no let up at all!
Such kisses; some tender, some gushing, some
 cold,
Some formal, some pressing, some shy and
 some bold;
Some moist and some dry; some long and
 some short;
A conglomeration of every sort!
In grim desperation, I struggled, with might,
To sever myself from this osculant plight,
Succeeding at length by a very tight squeeze,
I tumbled, exhausted, away to the breeze,
So many times buried alive, in the past,
I'm grateful to be resurrected at last,
I'll never attend a reception again,
Unless it may be a reception for men!

A VALENTINE.

The most perplexing time of year—
The mating-time,—has come again;
What shall I say to you, my dear?—
I see you're still without a swain!

When last I offered you my hand,—
“With thanks,” you gracefully declined,
But nothing daunted—here I stand,—
In hopes that you have changed your mind!

While change is written on the face
Of everything in earth and sea,
It cannot be thought out of place,
That change should come to you and me.

My love for you, but stronger grown,
Remains in all respects the same;
With other changes you have known,
Please add but this one—change your name!

Retain your own name, if you choose,
But let it be prefixed to mine!
Thus, surely, you will nothing lose,
And I will gain—a valentine.

WOMAN.

Women, like earth's fairest flowers,
It matters not what sky's above them,
Thrive the best through all the hours,
And blossom best for those who love them.
While men, their selfish nature prove
By clinging most to what they love.

I WONDER HOW THEY DO IT!

My neighbor, Brown, in "Real Estate,"
Complains that trade is dull of late,
That "money's very hard to get!"
('Tis hinted, he is deep in debt!)
His wife assumes Parisian airs,
And gives to all the church affairs.
Her dresses are quite à la mode;
He drives the best horse on the road,
I wonder how they do it!

There's Mr. D. and his sweet wife,
Have lived in clover all their life;
He's out of work—with small income,
They lately had to sell their home;
Her jewels are of finest rank,
And he has money in the bank;
In dress they wear the nicest stuff,
And always seem to have enough;
I wonder how they do it!

My neighbor, Jones, in "Boots and Shoes,"
Is short in everything but blues,
For hides are high, and leather low,
And business is going slow;
He lives in house of fine brown stone,
The envy of 'most everyone;
She rides behind two prancing greys,
Gives parties every ninety days;
I wonder how they do it!

Scores of unemployed, I meet
Daily in the crowded street,
Moving, aimless, scarcely knowing
When, or why, or where they're going—
Contented countenance they wear,
Without a sign of grief or care;
Well clothed, and seemingly well fed,
Well housed, with doubtless each a bed;
I wonder how they do it!

SEASONABLE ADMONITION.

Said Spring to Summer, on a time
In very simple, easy rhyme:
“Why is it that you’ve grown so bold?
You’re not so prudent as of old;
You used to stay, and sleep, and doze
Until I’d come and tweak your nose,
And waken you to spring-like charms,
To bid you farewe’l in my arms;
And then so tenderly you’d woo
With’ gentle kindness, pure and true,
And love and sympathy impart,
Until you’d fairly won my heart.
But now, you rouse from soundest nap,
And rudely rush into my lap
Without reason or pretext;
I wonder what you won’t do next;
Please don’t forget that I have rights,
My rainy days, and cooler nights,
To bring all flowers and fruit to the
Perfection of maturity.

I therefore say, I feel quite sure
Your coming now is premature;
You wake the seeds and buds too soon,
And give them too much heat at noon;
This may be well for streams and rills,
For marigolds and daffodils;
But for the more important fruit
This kind of treatment does not suit;
And how do you know that I might
Not bring a killing frost some night,
And blight your nurselings with its breath,
And all your work meet sudden death?
Take warning then, before too late,
'The best things come to those who wait.'
So bide your time, and don't impugn
My motive now, but come in June."

DARK NIGHT.

The night is dark; The moon
Has hidden her cold face
Behind a veil so thick and black,
As sets the groping stars
To wondering what heaven
Has done with their bright queen.

The lazy waves, on ocean's gently
Swelling breast recline,
Like weary children, tired of the day.

A KISS AT THE 'PHONE.

But she was so shy, in every place,
I never could kiss her, she'd cover her face.
And if by much striving, I managed to land
A kiss on her hair, or the back of her hand,
That had to suffice; though oft I did yearn,
I never could get the least smack in return.
I teased and I begged, "Pray give me just
one!"

She firmly refused, I must "play it alone!"
I longed, from her lips, to take my sweet fill,
But what could I do? She wouldn't hold still!
'Twas not lack of love (between you and I),
'Twas only because she was fearfully shy,
It occasioned regret, and sometimes a tear.
To seem yet *so far*, when she *was* so near.
I'll tell you the way, fate helped her to prove,
The beauty and truth of her sensitive love.
Late one summer's night, I sat in my room,
All nature outside being shrouded in gloom.

My pen and my books had been put away,
All ready for service "on call" the next day.
My dog calmly dozed at my feet, on the mat,
The canary was sleeping, and likewise the cat,
The "girl" at the "Central" was sleepy and
tired,

The conditions were just what my fancy re-
quired.

I determined to "call Jennie up" on the 'phone,
Her folks were away, and she quite alone.

I "touched the bell" gently, the "number" I
gave,

In tones low and weird, as a voice from the
grave,

"Connection" once made, (while sleeping, I
s'pose),

And "Central" sank back in her seat, for re-
pose.

(She must have been sleeping—the "line"
clearly bore

The musical tone of a feminine snore!)

So Jennie and I had a nice little chat,

With nobody guessing just what we were at.

We talked of our love, our joys, and our fears,

Our hopes for a future unmingled with tears.

And other sweet things, which fond lovers
know,

Make earth such a heaven to mortals below.

Then, whispered "good bye" when, *something*
so queer,

An odd little sound, hit me, *pat*, in the ear!

It gave me a singular thrill, I declare!

Like "song without words" pulsating in air.

I said, "Dearest Jennie, what was that *last*
word?

I'm listening intently, but don't think I heard!"

Said she, "I *said* nothing. I thought you were
done,

I only touched my two lips to the 'phone.

If anything struck you, it might be a 'slip

Of the tongue,' or perchance, a twist of my lip.

How did it affect you? Your face I can't see!

Was it nice? (Surely something has gone out
of me.")

Said I, "Please repeat," and I listened intent,

Upon getting her last word, so eagerly bent,

When softly and sweetly, there came a *dear*
sound,

Which made my lips tremble. My heart gave
a bound!

I squeezed the "transmitter," and quickly re-
joined,

(In language unspeakable, never yet coined),

(Smack) "I understand, Jennie! And, thank
you, my dear!

I have your sweet message, down snug in my
ear!

I feel my heart beating, at my finger tips,

Your '*last word*' is *throbbing, sweet girl, on
my lips!*'"

WHEN I AM GONE.

Seems strange, to think that when I'm gone
This world'll wag on just the same.
The hull machine'll run alone,
Just like it did afore I came;
I've got so us't to watchin' things,
'Nd seein' how the old thing goes,
It kinder seems as if the wings
'D flag, and all creation doze,
When I am gone.

Seems 'sif all the clocks'd stop,
The milk turn sour, the streams run dry,
The axles break, or sumthin' drop,
Without my ever-watchful eye,
The turret on the City Hall,
And all the 'lectric towers bend
'Nd sway 'nd totter, pitch 'nd fall,
And time itself come to an end,
When I am gone.

'Tis hard to realize that sun
 'Nd moon, 'nd stars, 'nd land, 'nd sea,
 And lakes and rivers, every one,
 Can still exist—all without me!
 That all the tribes 'nd nations will,
 In every clime and every land,
 Continue to perform, 'nd still
 "Do business at the same old stand,"
 When I am gone.

That animals 'nd bugs 'nd bees,
 'Nd all the creepin' things that live,
 That birds 'nd flowers, shrubs and trees,
 'Nd fish, 'nd fowl, will still survive;
 That telephone girls, so deaf 'nd dum',
 Will still distract the waiting soul,
 'Nd trolley cars keep up their hum,
 'Nd bicycles their ceaseless roll,
 When I am gone.

But then, of course, it will be so,
 For near as I can ascertain,
 The livin' will keep on the go,
 When I am in, out of the rain,

By the dreamy light of the same old moon,
The restless feet, unused to stand,
Will trip and dance to the same old tune,
Keep time and step with the same old band,
When I am gone.

FROM THE KLONDIKE.

(To the Girl I Left Behind Me.)

I've read the notice in the press,
 You're married, darling Caroline!
My heart is filled with bitterness
 To know I may not call thee mine.

Oh! cruel fate, that could ordain,
 That two such kindred souls should meet,
And know the blissful joy and pain
 Of plighted love and friendship sweet,

Yet miss the goal for which they sigh,
 Because of walls that intervene,
Like giant mountains, heaven high,
 With soundless depth of gulf between.

But there is One who rules the fates,
At whose behest the mountains move;
The sphere of heaven reverberates
With sacred pæans of His love.

Without His ken no wish has birth;
No sigh escapes His watchful ear;
His sympathy, broad as the earth,
Takes careful note of every tear.

Myriad worlds revolve in space,
In harmony, at His decree;
Each planet finds its kindred place,
Each atom its affinity.

In His good time, sweet Carrie dear,
When all mistakes of earth are past,
In His own time, not here, not here,
In heaven, you shall be mine at last!

VALENTINE TO MARIE.

Cupid, you scamp, Why treat me so?
No doubt you think you're very smart!
At random, fooling with your bow,
You've lodged an arrow in my heart!
Don't think you can my wits deceive,
By that excuse long since exploded,
You never can make *me* believe
You "didn't know the thing was loaded!"

If you have no intent to *kill*
Your guileless, unsuspecting prey,
When next you exercise your skill,
Please point your dart the other way!
'Tis not the first time you have aimed,
"Without intent" to take my life,
'And left my heart severely maimed,
'And me, no prospect for a wife!

These injuries I would not mind,
Your silly pranks I could excuse,
Like Psyche, I might "go it blind,"
If I had twenty hearts to lose;
But well you know, I've only one,
And, that I prize it, is not strange;
Now, since this mischief you have done,
I'll have another—in exchange.

Or else, the damage, you shall pay;
(Son of Chaos, small but mighty,
How many parents have you? Say!
There's Day and Night and Aphrodite;
Heaven and Earth—parental kin,
Have nurtured you, through cold and wet,
With parents, six, you should have been
A triplet, twin, or quadruplet!)

I'll prosecute the "combined trust"
Of mythological repute,
And "pack the jury," if I must,
To save myself and win my suit.
I'll scour the country far and wide,
For witnesses and evidence;
I'll have my "pound of flesh," your hide;
You've not a shadow of defense!

I'll levy on your flaming torch,
And if I fail to get a mate,
I'll use it, your bright wings to scorch!
My claim I'll have, without rebate.
What say? "Sweet Marie's heart you've hit,
With the same dart that entered mine?"
God bless you, boy! That settles it;
I'll be her loving valentine!

TO A HOUSE FLY.

You humming, buzzing, whirling thing,
Flying round on noisy wing,
Upward, downward, round and round,
Never knowing where you're bound,
On the wall, then through the air,
Humming, buzzing everywhere,
Flutt'ring on the window pane,
Acting as if half insane,
Where not wanted, there you are,
For an invite never care,
Intrude and risk your senseless head,
Where spotless angels fear to tread,
I wonder if you're not ashamed?
Surely you are fitly named,
Coming, going as you please,
Living but to take your ease,
Taking what is not your own,
Gath'ring where you've never sown,

Dining early, supping late,
 Stealing food from every plate;
 Sinner, rogue, knave and scamp,
 Rascal, scavenger and tramp.
 Tell you what: I've heard it said,
 "Flies are only good when dead!"
 I mean to trap you on the sly;
 Down comes my hand, and lo! you die!

God of Love! what have I done!
 Have mercy on me, blessed One!
 Taken life! and what is more,
 Life that I can ne'er restore!
 His fragile form by force laid low,
 With cruel, brutal, deadly blow!
 Not tears nor prayers nor sighs of pain
 Can e'er bring back his life again,
 Assaulted him with foul intent!
 O, Lord forgive me! I repent!
 Am I so fraught with virtues rare,
 That my best life could well compare
 With his, that never had a sin,
 Nor thought with cherished evil in!
 Nor aught of envy, lust and pride
 And countless shameful sins beside,

That taint, and my poor heart defile,
While he is pure and free from guile?
Worse am I in eye of Thine,
Than ever he in eyes of mine!
Sinner, rascal, scamp, was he?
Tenfold more so, I must be,
That I, devoid of cause or strife,
With ruthless hand could take a life!
God of mercy! what am I,
That I presume to kill a fly?

PITY, LORD!

Look with pity from above,
On our hearts, surcharged with fears,
And with sympathizing love,
Wipe away our trembling tears.

Pity those who doubting stand,
Bid their apprehensions cease,
Guide with Thy sustaining hand,
Into paths of trust and peace.

Pity those who long for aid,
Such as Thou alone can'st give,
Thou hast all their ransom paid,
Let them look to Thee and live.

Pity those that vainly yearn,
For loving human sympathy,
By simple faith may they discern
More than all their needs, in Thee.

Succor those who, tempted, tried,
Vainly strive the load to bear,
Raise their eyes to Him who died,
Save their souls from dark despair.

ALL THE WORLD'S A-DREAMING.

All the world's a-dreaming,
We think we are awake,
But this is only seeming,
'Tis all a huge mistake!

Dreams are so realistic,
Our reason they enthrall;
In subjugation mystic,
They hold the senses all.

One dreams that he is wealthy
In stocks and bonds galore,
Anon perchance he wakes to find
The wolf is at his door.

Another dreams he's healthy,
With mind and body strong,
But soon he finds to his dismay,
His liver's going wrong.

One dreams he's fitly married,
And deep in love of course,
And only wakes to find himself,
Applying for divorce.

Another dreams he's famous,
In learning, art or skill,
But wakes to find he's stranded,
At the bottom of the hill.

One dreams he is a jester,
A wit of great renown,
But wakes in later life to find
He's only been a clown.

One dreams that he's a poet,
And deals in thoughts sublime,
But wakes to see, with all his pains
He's written only rhyme.

One dreams that he's improving,
His time, from day to day,
But wakes to find, too late, alas,
He's dreamed his life away!

Our life is all too aimless,
No compass, chart nor star,
But death, thank God, shall waken us
To see things as they are!

THE LETTER.

What pleasing thought can I indite,
Or what inspiring word essay?
My thoughts flow sluggishly to-night,
When Somebody is gone away.

The rays of moonlight seem less bright;
The sky seems not so blue by day;
There's not a blessed thing to write,
When Somebody is gone away.

The birds sing daily in the trees,
Their happy, gleesome roundelay,
But music lacks the power to please,
When Somebody is gone away.

The flowers in their cozy beds,
A sense of loneliness display,
And all the pansies droop their heads,
When Somebody is gone away.

The shadows flitting o'er the grass,
Through clover-blossoms idly stray;
They seem to flout me as I pass,
When Somebody is gone away.

The very pictures on the wall,
Reluctant hang in mute array,
Grim silence hovers over all,
When Somebody is gone away.

The dear ones that are left behind,
Strive to look happy, bright and gay;
All else seems deaf and dumb and blind,
When Somebody is gone away.

Our anxious eyes toward heaven we cast,
And "blessings" on the absent pray,
And hope the days may soon be past,
When Somebody is gone away.

THE UNFORTUNATE MAN.

I'm an unlucky mortal, and always have been,
It began so long since that I cannot tell when.
The night I was born the heavens wore a
frown,
The stars were asleep and the moon upside
down.

My maternal ancestor says that I cried,
Until nothing was left on my bones but the
hide.
I worried so much from the very first hour,
That all her supply of provision turned sour.

I went short of nutrition, and hankered for
more,
I lived on scant rations, while the baby next
door,
Had more than he needed,—the little galoot,—
To meet all his wants, and the colic to boot.

As older I grew, and went off to school,
I failed in my lessons, and broke every rule.
I thought I was trying quite hard, but, alas!
Could always be found at the foot of my class.

In childhood my head was as bald as a clown;
Then my hair came out red, when I wanted it
brown.

I went into college, while still in my teens,
And there I soon learned that I didn't "know
beans."

Was always deficient in Latin and Greek,
The French I could read, but never could
speak.

And when my beard came, in spite of my tears,
It wouldn't grow down, but grew up, toward
my ears.

I was four times in love, three times failed to
wed,
The girls all said no! as they glanced at my
head.
And now, since I'm married, my case is most
sad,
I've just found the woman I ought to have had.

We both are most deeply in love, but O my!
She's tied to a man with a single glass eye!
A large pile of money is just what he makes,
While I—well, I make a large pile of mistakes!

I'd give my dear life to jump into his shoes,
For he's got the woman, while I've got the
blues.

The joys I most long for, come never to pass;
Instead, in my dreams, comes a large eye of
glass!

So it is, so it was, so it ever will be;
Luck always will win when she plays against
me.

If ever I die—to bumper the cup,
I fear I'll go down, when I ought to go up!

THE OTHER ONE.

How many girls I married
I never yet have known;
Though when the banns were published
I spoke for only one.

But latterly there have been times
When I could but allow,
The one I had next to my heart
Was different, somehow.

The girl I married long ago,
Had bonny eyes of blue;
With comely form and hair of brown
And cheeks of rosy hue.

The hair caressed her shapely neck,
In graceful, wavy curls,
And handsomer she seemed to me,
Than all the other girls.

The one I now have at my side,
Her hair is mostly gray;
Her cheeks are more like lilies,
Than roses sweet in May.

No graceful curls are clustering
About her neck, alas!
And when I look for two blue eyes,
I see two disks of glass!

The comely form of number one,
Of which I was so proud,
Is lost to view, and in its stead,
A figure slightly bowed.

They say that she is aged now,
But all that I can see,
Is that she's someway sweeter,
Than the other used to be.

A dearer than the other one,
I never thought to meet;
But this one! well, I tell you, it's
A different kind of sweet!

I praise the Lord for her He gave
 Me first, and when that's done,
I praise Him yet more fervently,
 For this dear other one!

[ALTER EGO.

I'm a sad little kisslet, bemoaning my fate,
The reason is this, I've lost my fond mate,
He fled on a bouquet of two-lips one night,
And ere I could catch him, was far out of sight.

His absence has caused me a world of distress,
And left me a stranger in life's wilderness.
We kisses, you should know, are all born as
twins,
To double our joys and divide up our sins.

He left me one night at the door near the
street,
Where stood a young lady, tall, graceful and
sweet,
We were both on the lips of a youth at her side,
And heard as he asked her to be his sweet
bride.

She blushed as she faltered, "So sudden, dear
Jack!"

And my mate made a rush then to give her a
smack,

While I, more discreet, made an effort to stand,
And decide—should I fly to her lips or her
hand?

Just then the fond mother came in with a light,
The door quickly closed, with a whispered
"Good-night!"

My mate went away on the lips of the girl,
And left me forsaken, my head all awirl!

But Jack says, "Don't worry; one kiss means
another,

I'll soon take you back to abide with your
brother."

I suspect now that Jack, dear, has "been there"
before,

And knows what it means to get caught at the
door.

OH, GIVE ME BACK MY JIM.

“Oh, give me back my Jim again,”
So spake a weeping wife.
“He was the darling of my heart,
The treasure of my life.
He used to be so fond of me,
And I so proud of him;
I never thought to lose him so,
Oh, give me back my Jim!

“In some way which I can’t divine,
He’s met the demon Drink.
And while he tarries at the wine,
I tremble on the brink
Of mute despair. With scalding tears
My weeping eyes are dim;
My constant prayer to Heaven, is—
Oh, give me back my Jim!

“On Christmas Eve I married him,
I could not say him nay.
The parson joined our willing hands,
I’ll ne’er forget the day,
He placed the wedding ring upon
My finger, white and slim,
I little thought so soon to plead,
Oh, give me back my Jim!

“When we were young, we always played
Together, on the green;
Jim seemed to me so brave and good,
The dearest boy I’d seen.
He used to wear checked aprons then,
And hat with ragged rim,
But O, I loved him even then,
Oh, give me back my Jim!

“Our only child, my fair-haired boy,
Is all that I have now;
The only pledge that’s left to me,
Of his dear marriage vow;
I see his father in his eyes,
His shape in every limb;
But this is not enough for me,
Oh, give me back my Jim!

“His form is with me every day,
But, oh, he’s not the same!
With bloated face and bloodshot eyes,
He’s only Jim in name.
Jim never treated me like this,
Nor never looked so grim:
'Tis not this man that I have loved!
Oh, give me back my Jim!

“My life is one protracted sigh,
One endless pain and smart!
'Tis only left for me to die,
To ease my breaking heart;
My cup is full of bitterness,
Of sorrow to the brim,
There’s no more joy in life for me,
Oh, give me back my Jim!”

MAUDE AND HER BEAUX.

Since Maude is eighteen, she's having two
beaux;

If we advocate either, she turns up her neaux;

Both stick to her, tight as a bee to a reaux;

Which one she prefers, she fails to discleaux;

And since they keep coming, 'tis fair to sup-
peaux,

She'll soon accept both, the matter to cleaux;

But if in due time neither one does propeaux,

She should put them out back, and turn on the
heaux.

SWEET VOICES.

What earthly power can soothe or charm,
Or what in heaven console;
Or what suffice to heal and make
The wounded spirit whole!
What minstrelsy can wake the heart,
What music can you find
So sweet and grateful to the soul,
As voices that are kind?

The law, to force allegiance,
Two-edged swords doth wield;
And conscience oft compels the will,
Obedience to yield.
But law and conscience, powerless are,
With all their force combined,
To rouse the heart, or stir the soul,
Like voices that are kind.

Ambition, wealth and pride, exert
 Their empire o'er the soul;
While hope and fear, alternately,
 Inconstant hearts control.
But faith, and hope, and charity,
 As first by Heaven designed,
Unite to comfort, cheer and bless
 By voices that are kind.

DON'T SAY WE MUST PART.

Och! Darlin' Melissa, don't say we must part,
When we go from this airth to the world
that's divoine,
We'll enther the gates, widout waiting to start,
For St. Peter's a full blood decindent of
moine.

And when we have enthered, we'll not have to
wait,
For I have a void contract wid tailor Jim
Knight
To furnish our robes at tramendus rebate,
From the price that it cosht him to stale
them outright.

'Dade, they tell me, "There's niver a marriage
in hiven,"
Which accounts for its fradom from sorrow
and sthrife,
That "No one is taken in marriage, nor given,"
You can sthill be me swateheart, but niver
me wife!

They say, "There's no noight there," swate
darlin' Meliss,

But I think we'll get used to that same very
soon!

Yet I can't help reflectin', how much we shall
miss

Our dear little walks by the light of the
moon!

Thin, afther the walks, there's the swate sithing
down,

Untying of shoon, and undoing of hair,
Faith, I fear I'll do suthin' to muss your new
gown,

And I'll miss your swate kiss at the foot of
the sthair.

We'll be passing together, the twelve gates of
purl,

Each gate is one purl of itself, I am tould,
And the walks, all transparent as glass, me
swate gurl,

And the sthrate walls all solid built up wid
pure gould.

Wheriver we go, in that illegant place,
There'll be suthin', sure, to remind me of
you,
For whiche'er way I turn, I shall see your
swate face
Reflected beside me, and lovely to view.

Togither we'll sail on a sea of hot glass,
For the glass in that sea will be mingled wid
fire,
And wid harps, ready-made, for each lad and
his lass
There'll be cart-loads of music for all who
desire.

Hist! if I'm diskivered, I'm certainly losht;
Who's that I see coming in yon pony-cart?
'Tis Bridget Malony and Timothy Frosht,
Me rival wid you in the choice of me heart!

Wish I'd brought me shillalah, to castigate
Tim;
He richly desarves the swate boon of a
swipe,
But you look so entrateing, I'll not injure him;
Good-bye; I'll go home for a whiff at my
pipe.

LINES FOR GUEST CHAMBER.

If you manage to sleep on this hard, awkward
bed

It will clearly prove you're "a sleepy head!"

If perchance you hope, before morning to
dream,

You'll soon change your mind when they turn
on the steam;

Then, such a "rattle te-bang" you will hear,
As will quick get you up, yes, "Up on your
ear!"

And when after dressing you come down and
report

That you've had a good rest—and things of
that sort—

We will know by your looks, your yawning
and sighing,

That you've not been sleeping, you've only
been lying!

EVENING.

Gently sinks the lord of day—
Hiding his imperial face;
Softly fades the light away—
As the evening grows apace.

O'er the faint, declining light—
Gilding all the space between—
Rises Luna, queen of night—
Swathed in twilight's fleecy sheen.

One by one, the myriad eyes
Of heaven's distant, twinkling host,
In bright array, bedeck the skies
Till, contemplating, we are lost

In admiration, wonder, awe,
And silent rapture, to behold
Nature's all-controlling law,
Majestically, thus unfold!

A PRAYER.

Now I lay me down to sleep;—
Close my eyes in silent prayer;
Heavenly Father, vigil keep!—
Rid my soul of every care.

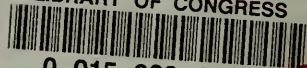
May no anxious worldly thought
Fill my soul with vague unrest;
Dissipate and bring to naught
Every fear within my breast.

Lord, forgive my every sin!
May no baneful wish allure!
Make me good and true within;
Renovate, and make me pure!

Let no dread of future ill,
Nor grim shadows of the past,
With despair my bosom fill;
O, receive my soul at last!

THE END.

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